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HYMNS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND

OCCASIONS.

BY JOHN CLARK.

With my Song will I praiſe him. Pſa. xxviii 7.

Teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms and Hymns and ſpiritual Songs. Col. iii. 16.

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Christian Reader,

I acknowledge we have already abundance of excellent hymns, written by persons of different denominations for the service of God's sanctuary: yet I thought it could be no harm to cast my poor mite into the common treasury. These Hymns were chiefly the spontaneous productions of my mind after preaching from particular subjects, and were never intended to be made public: but some Friends professing to have been pleased and edified by several of them, and requesting me to give them copies; induced me (in order to save the trouble of transcribing) to print them altogether. If they should afford an hint to any of my Brethren in the ministry when about to preach from the same subjects, yield any instruction to the Ignorant, or assist the pious Christian in his devotions, I have my desire; and the more so still if all the praise be ascribed to the Author of every blessing, for whose sake I am thine

John Clark.

Trowbridge, October 31, 1799.

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HYMNS

ON

Various Subjects.

HYMN I.

INVOCATION.

1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the ſkies!
Thou only great, thou only wiſe;
Reigning in heav'n's moſt holy place,
Yet filling univerſal ſpace.

2 To thee their MAKER, and their King,
Angels unceaſing homage bring;
And all thy wond'rous works below,
Ten thouſand ways thy glories ſhow.

3 Amidſt applauding worlds I'm plac'd;
Daily unnumber'd bleſſings taſte:
Fain would I ſome *ſmall* tribute bring
To thee, my SAVIOUR, and my King.

4 O tune my voice with thoſe above;
O warm my heart with heav'nly love;
Then harp and organ, heart and voice,
Shall in thy *mighty* praiſe rejoice.

HYMN II.

AN EXHORTATION TO PRAISE GOD.

Bleſs the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion; bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul. Pſ. ciii. 22.

1 COME, all in heav'n, and earth, and ſeas;
Your great Creator bleſs:
To him, in all your diff'rent ways
Your gratitude expreſs,

2 He form'd you by his ſov'reign will,
And all-creative Word;
His mighty hand ſupports you ſtill:
O praiſe your common Lord!

His

3 His genial warmth *all* creatures prove;
Shall *none* the grateful flame?
Millions of tongues to taſte his love,
And none to praiſe his name!

4 Stand forth my ſoul as chiefeſt bound,
And ſummons earth and heav'n:
Sure none has greater bleſſings found;
Sure none has more forgiv'n.

Second Part.

5 BEGIN the ſong ye brighter pow'rs,
That dwell more near your King:
We own your *ſkill* ſurpaſſeth ours;
But not your *cauſe* to ſing.

6 Inferior creatures fill the choir,
Of ev'ry ſhape and ſize:
Or ſwift or ſlow, that ſink or ſoar,
In water, earth, or ſkies.

7 Thrice happy ſaints your right aſſert;
'Tis yours to crown the ſong:
Creation doth to you *in part*;
Redemption *all* belong.

8 Bleſs then the Lord in ev'ry place,
'Till ages ceaſe to roll:
But chiefly ye who taſte his grace,
And chief of all my ſoul!

HYMN III.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD ALL IN ALL.

In his Preſence is fulneſs of joy, Pſalm xvi. 11.

1 NOT what we have, or what we want,
Concerns, if God his Preſence grant:
Nothing is good, and nothing ill,
But as his ſmile, or frown we feel.

2 Seen in the ſunſhine of his love,
Afflictions do but atoms prove;
Illumin'd by thoſe rays divine,
The darkeſt providences ſhine.

But

3 But when night's gloomy ſhades prevail,
Whatever evils then aſſail:
Tho' inſignificant and ſmall;
Are magnifi'd, and monſtrous all.

4 O then, whatever ills annoy,
May I his Preſence ſtill enjoy;
And with what e'er he grants beſide,
May not his Preſence be deny'd.

HYMN IV.

THE FALL AND RECOVERY.

As in Adam all die, even ſo in Chriſt ſhall all be made alive. 1 *Cor.* xv. 22.

1 " ADAM our guilty Sire,
" Alas what haſt thou done!
" Diſpleas'd thy God, deſtroy'd thy race,
" Made all creation groan.

2 " Mis'ries, diſeaſes, death!
" A horrid train begin;
" Unnumber'd evils, endleſs woes
" From one ſhort moment's ſin."

Sinners

3 Sinners your murm'rings ceaſe,
Nor your firſt Father blame:
Sin's black original he drew;
You have tranſcrib'd the ſame.

4 What Adam did but taſte,
You greedily devour;
And tho' the dire reſult you feel,
Repeat it ev'ry hour.

5 Tho' *heav'n* with all its joys,
And *hell* with woes extreme,
Stand as the fixt alternative:
You daily both contemn.

6 But hail ye happy ſaints!
Your ſecond Adam praiſe;
Who came from *heav'n*---endur'd your *hell*---
Your fallen ſouls to raiſe.

7 With this triumphant boaſt,
Make heav'n and earth reſound:
That tho' in Adam all was loſt,
In Jeſus all is found.

Hymn

HYMN V.

LOVE DIVINE.

What is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Chriſt, which paſſeth knowledge. Eph. iii. 18, 19.

1 HOW ſhall I ſing the boundleſs love;
Th' amazing goodneſs tell:
That brought my Saviour from above;
That brought my ſoul from hell.

2 'Twas love, whoſe power can't be expreſt,
Nor its extent defin'd;
By all that's found in human breaſt,
Or in an angel's mind.

3 *High* as the Majeſty above;
It ſprung from God alone:
The darling of his heart is love,
The eſſence of his throne.

4 *Deep* as the miſeries below;
It reach'd to guilty me:
Div'd to the bottom of my woe,
And all my fears ſet free.

Broad

5 *Broad* as the breach that ſin had made,
Extenſive as my needs:
Thro' all my ſoul its pow'rs pervade,
And ev'ry wiſh exceeds.

6 *Long* as eternity 'twill laſt,
Unalt'rably the ſame:
As from eternal ages paſt,
From God alone it came.

7 O may this love ſtill rule my heart,
And all my pow'rs control;
'Till ev'ry other love depart,
And this ſhall fill my ſoul.

HYMN VI.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Gal. vi. 14.

1 AH what's there now beneath the ſkies,
To charm my ears, to pleaſe my eyes;
Since I have known a Saviour's love,
How vain, how empty all things prove!

This

2 This earth (with all that it contains,
Its joys, its honours, and its gains;
For which poor mortals disagree)
Affords no more delights for me.

3 'Tis Calv'ry, there I've fixt my heart!
From thence it never can depart:
'Tis that dear Object on the cross,
My love, and wonder does engross.

4 Ah, what are thrones, and palaces!
Jesus thy Cross transcends all these;
Thy thorny crown exceeds the gems,
That shine in princely diadems.

5 Thy robe of purple, mark of scorn,
Shall my best services adorn;
Thy reedy sceptre's gentle rule
Subdue each passion of my soul.

6 Should all the dignities that are
Presume with thee my heart to share;
Beneath my feet I'd tread them down,
And triumph in the Cross alone.

HYMN VII.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

My days are ſwifter than a weavers ſhuttle. Job. 7. 6.

1 SWIFT as an Arrow cuts its way
Thro' the ſoft yielding air;
Or as the Sun's more ſubtle ray,
Or Lightnings, ſudden glare;
Or as an Eagle to the prey,
Or Shuttle thro' the loom;
So haſte our fleeting lives away,
So ruſh we to the tomb.

2 Like airy bubbles, lo we rise,
And dance upon life's ſtream;
'Till ſoon the air that caus'd, deſtroys
Th ' attenuated frame.
Down the ſwift ſtream we glide apace,
And carry death within;
Then burſt, and ſcarcely leave a trace
To ſhow that we have been.

Solomon

3 Solomon wiſeſt of our kind,
Who length of days had ſeen;
To *birth* and *death* a time aſſign'd,*
But none to *life* between.
Yet lo, what conſequences cloſe
This tranſient ſtate below;
Eternal *joys*, or miſſing thoſe,
Inevitable *woe*.

HYMN VIII.

THE CONFLICT.

Without were fightings, and within were fears.
2. *Cor.* 7. 5.

1 WITHOUT a thouſand foes ſurround,
Within a thouſand fears abound,
Ah whither can I flee!
Weari'd with cares, with griefs oppreſt;
Fain would I find a moments reſt,
But there's no reſt for me.

2 Do I in mortals think to truſt,
And ſuccour ſeek from worms of duſt;
The thought alas how vain!

* Eccle. 3. 2. Theſe,

Theſe (far from yielding me relief)
Laugh at my fears, and mock my grief,
And trample on my pain.

3 Yet ſome commiſerate my plight,
My partners in the arduous fight;
To theſe I ſpread my ſore:
But ah, my ſore theſe cannot heal,
Or oft with too- officious zeal,
Miſtaking, wound me more.

4 Then I retire, and fain would find
Some happineſs in my own mind;
Conſcious that I'm ſincere:
But oh what traitors lurk within!
And my beſt thoughts how ſpoil'd by ſin!
No refuge find I here.

5 Yet lo(of ev'ry hope bereſt)
One ſure aſylum ſtill is left;
'Tis Jeſu's precious name:
Whate'er befall, here I can reſt;
In ev'ry ſtate, here am I bleſt;
His love remains the ſame.

HYMN IX.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

All things are poſsible to him that believeth. Mar.9.23

1 TO him that believes
What can be too hard?
Faith all things atchieves,
By no dangers ſcar'd:
An earneſt of heaven;
And where 'tis beſtow'd,
Poſſeſſion is given
Of all that is good.

2 Tho' a mountain of braſs
Your progreſs would ſtop;
Or ſeas of diſtreſs
Would ſwallow you up:
Preſs forward! -- accounting
That Faith can with eaſe
Both level the mountain,
And dry up the ſeas.

With

3 With guilt and with ſhame,
Tho' cover'd all o'er;
Tho' all the world's blame
Were laid at your door:
Yet perfect ſalvation
'Tis Faith that applies:
For where's condemnation,
If God juſtifies?

4 Tho' barren in grace,
Quite ſpent is your ſtore;
And you are alas,
Both helpleſs and poor;
To open God's treaſure,
'Tis Faith is the key;
And 'tis his good pleaſure,
That you ſhould make free.

5 Beleagur'd with foes,
No ſuccour is nigh,
Fierce devils oppoſe,
Their fiery darts fly!

No

No harm can attend you!
'Tis Faith is the ſhield
To guard, and defend you
Amidſt the ſharp field.

6 If clouds ſeem to roll,
And darkneſs and doubt
Perplex your poor ſoul;
From God's face ſhut out:
To gain you admiſſion
'Tis Faith knocks aloud;
Breaks down the partition,
And pierces the cloud.

7 Or ſhould you have nigh
Acceſs to the throne;
Sweet freedom enjoy
As a child of God's own:
This holy communion
'Tis Faith does excite;
The cement of union,
The ſource of delight.

8 Whatever God grants,
Faith helps to enjoy;
And whate'er our wants,
'Tis Faith can ſupply:
Then in each condition,
In life or in death;
Be this our petition,
Lord ſtrengthen our Faith.

HYMN X.

UNITY.

Ye are all one in Chriſt Jeſus. Gal. III. 28.

1 COME Chriſtians, come, and let us join
Our hearts and voices round the throne;
Unite your grateful ſongs with mine,
As is our Lord, our theme be one:
Come mingle now the ſacred fire;
'Twill blaze the hotter and the high'r.

2 For trifles we'll no more contend,
(Concord and peace to ſaints belong)
But our united efforts bend
'Gainſt Satan, author of our wrong:

Howe'er

Howe'er we differ, let him know,
We hold him ſtill our common foe.

3 Jeſus in ſpirit make us thine;
(Thou God of harmony and love)
Knit firm to thee the living vine,
We branches to each other prove:
Tender to thee as thine eye-ball;
Who touches *one*, muſt touch us *all*.

HYMN XI.

AMBITION.

Seek thoſe things that are above. Col. 3. 1.

1 WITHIN this frail, this mortal frame
Dwells an immortal mind;
A ſpark divine, an heav'nly flame,
That ſcorns to be confin'd.

2 This paltry world can ne'er ſupply
Enough for its deſires;
As ſoon with ſtubble might you try
To quench devouring fires.

3 This mind is fledg'd with ſoaring wings
To reach the throne of God:
And ſhall vile cobwebs, ſordid things,
Tye't down to earth's mean clod?

4 No, I deſpiſe earth's tinſel toys;
Its baubles I forego:
Fill'd with *imaginary* joys,
But with *ſubſtantial* woe!

5 I've an immortal crown to win;
Then to that ſtate aſcend,
Where *woes* can never once begin,
Where *joys* can never end.

HYMN XII.

THE HAPPY BELIEVER.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help; whoſe hope is in the Lord his God. Pſa. 146. 5.

1 HAIL happy Believer in Jeſus!
Tho' all things around thee may frown;
At preſent whatever thy caſe is,
This know, thou art born to a crown.

2 Then

2 Then let not earth's trifles diſtreſs thee,
Thy kingdom's preparing above:
Thy God is determin'd to bleſs thee
With joys that can never remove.

3 O envy not thoſe that aſpire;
Tho' wicked men proſper don't grieve:
When *theirs* is all burnt up with fire,
Thy portion will be to receive.

4 Hail happy Believer in Jeſus!
No longer for trifles then care;
Thy kingdom above never ceaſes,
And Jeſus will ſoon call thee there.

HYMN XIII.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF GRACE.

He is able to ſave to the uttermoſt. Heb. 7. 25.

1 YE fearful ſouls your doubts diſmiſs,
For you grace all-ſufficient is;
And Jeſus precious blood alone
Is all-ſufficient to atone.

2 What tho your ſins exceed the ſand
That croud along the ebbing ſtrand;
His blood like the returning tide
Flows deep, and all your ſins ſhall hide.

3 What tho' againſt you there appear
Ten thouſand talents in arrear,
Jeſus ſuſtain'd the mighty loſs,
And blots your debt out by his croſs.

4 What tho' your enemies are ſtrong,
And weakneſs does to you belong;
The mighty God is your ally;
Your foes ſhall all before you fly.

5 What tho' your way may be perplext,
Doubtful which path to take the next;
His Providence will ſtop the *wrong*,
Or in the *right* guide you along.

6 Then let not unbelief prevail,
Nor pleaſe your envious foes ſo well:
Depreciate not the Saviour's blood,
Nor doubt the promiſe of a God.

HYMN

HYMN XIV.

DESERTION.

Wherefore doſt thou forget us for ever ?
Lam. 5. 20, 21.

1 LONG have we penſive ſat,
And mourn'd an abſent God ;
Bewail'd our barren ſtate,
And ſpread our griefs abroad:
When, when alas!
Our deareſt Lord,
Wilt thou afford
Thy ſmiling face. ?

2 When inwards we retire,
And think paſt favours o'er ;
Our doubting ſouls enquire,
Shall ſuch be ſhewn no more ?
No more ſhall we
For ever prove
Thine ancient love,
Thy kindneſs ſee ?

3 Will Jeſus ſtill forget;
Nor viſit once again
The ſouls for whom he ſweat,
And bore ſuch mighty pain?
It cannot be—
He's mindfull ſtill,
And ever will
Of calvary!

4 Tho' now he ſeems to frown,
His love why ſhould we doubt?
The ſun goes often *down*,
Yet never does go *ont*:
He ſinks each night
Beneath the main,
To riſe again
With beams more bright.

5 Ceaſe then each guilty fear;
Let ev'ry doubt be gone;
Jeſus will ſoon appear,
Our never-ſetting ſun.

Then

Then ſhall we praiſe
With warmer zeal;
When once we feel
His quick'ning rays.

HYMN XV.

FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

The time paſt of our life may ſuffice us to have wrought the will of the gentiles. 1. Pet. 4. 3.

1 VAIN world adieu, your wiles give o'er,
I am no longer yours;
To win my heart attempt no more,
Nor ſpread your gilded lures.

2 Too oft have you my hopes deceiv'd,
While nothing you beſtow:
Of heav'nly *joys* my ſoul bereav'd,
And fill'd my heart with *woe!*

3 Now I your ſervitude diſclaim;
On all your offers tread:
I'm raviſh'd by a nobler aim,
To purer pleaſures led.

4 Yes

4 Yes, now my Saviours love I know,
Here I perfection find:
To him ten thouſand motives draw;
Ten thouſand bleſſings bind.

5 Dear Jeſus (my much injur'd Lord,)
Thy rightful claim aſſert:
Subdue thy rivals with thy *ſword*,
And with thy *love* my heart.

HYMN XVI.

THE DIFFICULTY OF SUBMISSION UNDER AFFLICTIONS.

It is come upon thee and thou fainteſt. Job. 4. 5.

1 WHEN the Refiner to the fire
Commits his precious ore;
We much his art, and ſkill admire,
Nor doubt his love the more.

2 So chriſtians do this truth profeſs
Undoubtedly to hold;
That God will try them more or leſs,
If they are his true gold.

3 But

3 But when the purifying flame
We once begin to prove;
We ſtart, we wonder, and exclaim;
Alas, can this be love!

4 Oh, for a more ſubmiſſive mind;
Then like the paſſive gold;
We'll melt, and leave our droſs behind,
And take the heav'nly mold.

HYMN XVII.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

Who is he that condemneth? &c. Rom. 8. 34.

1 MY hopes are founded on the rock
That is in Zion laid;
What then my confidence ſhould ſhock,
Or make my ſoul afraid?

2 Ah! were is he that dares condemn,
In heav'n, or earth, or hell?
Jeſus my ſurety bore my blame,
And God approv'd it well.

3 High on a croſs he bled, he dy'd,
My rebel ſoul to ſave:
For me the King, the Crucify'd
His ſoul an off'ring gave.

4 High on a throne of glory bright,
He now exalted ſtands;
Preſenting to his Father's ſight,
The nail-prints in his hands.

5 The Father ſmiles—all heav'n approves,
And Satan hides his head:
Fear not my ſoul—God *ever* loves—
The Saviour *once* hath bled.

HYMN XVIII.

INVOCATION BEFORE SERMON.

Sanctify them thro' thy truth, thy word is truth.
John 17. 17.

1 FATHER of lights, and God of love,
Free fountain of all good:
Whoſe truth, firm as thy throne above,
Eternally has ſtood.

2 On each aſſembled in this place,
O look with pity down:
And now with all-ſufficient grace
Thine own appointment crown.

3 We open thine unerring word;
Thy Will we thence explore:
Open our underſtandings Lord,
And wiſdom's precious ſtore.

4 Aſſiſt thy ſervant to proclaim,
And us thy word to prove.
Give light, and liberty to him;
To us, give life, and love.

5 May he, thy pure and perfect Will
With faithfulneſs impart:
And may thy ſpirit deeply ſeal
The ſame on ev'ry heart.

6 Then ſhall our fruit to thee abound,
Then ſhall we to thee live:
And as our fruit from *thee* is found,
To *thee* the glory give.

HYMN XIX.

THE LAST WORDS OF A DYING FRIEND.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that paſs by? behold and ſee, if there be any ſorrow like unto my ſorrow.
Lam. 1. 12.

1 LEAVE mortals, leave your trifling toys,
And to thoſe groans, thoſe mournful cries
A moment lend your ear.
Behold what paſſes on yon tree;
'Tis Jeſus dies! Oh yes 'tis he!
His laſt entreaties hear.

2 The dying ſpeeches of the great,
And thoſe you love, you oft repeat;
And think they much intend:
O then, if friendſhip moves you thus,
And dying words---ſee on that croſs,
Expires the world's beſt Friend!

3 Yes, 'tis the ſame almighty voice
That bid the mountains upwards riſe,
And ſunk the hollow ſeas.

Whoſe

Whoſe ſov'reign Will alone controls
Unnumber'd worlds—beſeeching ſouls,
In accents mild as theſe.

4 " Attend, attend ye paſſers by!
" Oh let mine agonizing cry,
" Your ſtubborn ears allure:
" Slight me no more---behold and ſee,
" Where can ſuch mighty ſorrows be,
" As theſe which I endure?

5 " If God, my Father and my Friend,
" On me (who never did offend)
" Such grievous pains inflict!
" For crimes imputed——What can ye,
" From an incenſed Deity
" Ah what can ye expect!

6 " Each falling ſtroke, each gaping wound,
" In awful language does reſound
" The vengeance you may fear!
" Hence, O ye careleſs ſouls preſume
" What you muſt feel---and read your doom
" Deep writ in ev'ry ſcar.

7 " Chriſtians

7 " Chriſtians, behold my love---How great
" Theſe bleeding characters relate:
" Oh read the crimſon lines!
" Mourn that your ſins have pierc'd me thus;
" Yet while you mourn, rejoice---my croſs
" Proves fatal to your ſins."

HYMN XX.

THE CONTEST.

A Dialogue between Angels and Chriſtians.

Chriſtians.

1 ANGELS, we fain would vie with you
To praiſe our common head:
But *you* to him ſtood always true,
And *we* have diſobey'd.

Angels.

2 Chriſtians, altho' we never ſwerv'd,
No praiſe to us is due;
When Satan fell---Grace *us* preſerv'd,
And grace redeemed *you*.

Chr.

Chr.

3 Our natures can't with yours compare ;
Depraved from our birth :
Of heav'nly origin *you* are ;
We're offsprings of the earth.

Ang.

4 Our Lord for you was born, and died
To raiſe your lapſed pow'rs :
Your nature he has dignified ;
He ne'er took on him *ours*.

Chr.

5 But when to praiſe him *we* intend,
Alas, how faint our ſong !
While *you* unwearied, without end
Your loftier lays prolong.

Ang.

6 To praiſe our God, what pow'r we have,
We from himſelf derive :
And of that pow'r (his word he gave*)
He will not *you* deprive.

Chr.

* Iſa. 43. 21.

Chr.

7 Yet *we* are clogg'd with cumbrous clay;
Vile prison of the mind.
You o'er the realms of boundless day
Range ever unconfin'd.

Ang.

8 We own we have th' advantage here,
But this will not be long:
Soon from this prison you'll be clear,
And join our heav'nly song.

Chr.

9 Then let us all our efforts raise.
Angels your music bring;
And we in humble songs will praise
Our Saviour, and *your* King.

HYMN XXI.

CONTRASTED CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

His name shall be called wonderful, &c. Isa. 11. 6.

1 LYON of Judah, Lamb of God,
Most meek, most mighty Lord!
Israel's Redeemer, Israel's Rod:
His Sceptre and his Sword!

2 In

2 In anger kind, in love ſevere ;
Majeſtically mild !
The mighty God whom angels fear ;
The Virgin's tender Child !

3 Thou waſt, and art, and evermore
Wilt ſtill remain the ſame :
I love thee Lord, and I adore
Thy ever wond'rous name !

HYMN XXII.

Sung on Opening the Tabernacle at Trowbridge, Nov. 20, 1771.

DEDICATION.

This is none other but the houſe of God,
Gen. 28. 17.

1 HOW awful is this place !
What ſweetly ſolemn ſtate !
Sure 'tis God's Houſe, his ſeat of Grace :
'Tis heav'n's majeſtic Gate.

2 Let All with cautious feet
Approach this facred ground ;
And bow with adoration fweet,
And reverence profound.

3 Ye careleſs Sinners fear ;
Keep diſtance ye profane !
And ſtand in awe, for God is here ;
His honour he'll maintain.

4 Let Phariſees beware !
(Here ev'ry thought is try'd)
Nor make God's houſe of humble pray'r,
A nurs'ry for their pride.

5 But come poor Penitents,
Your humble ſuit prefer :
To ev'ry ſinner who repents,
God will be gracious here.

6 With all ye weeping Saints,
Whom deep afflictions drown :
Here may you drop your ſad complaints,
And lay your ſorrows down.

7 And ye thrice happy Race,
Who have redemption found;
Unite your ſongs, and make this place
With ſhouts of praiſe reſound.

8 Once zealous Souls—who yet
Have yielded to the fleſh;
Come, and your former vows repeat,
And take up arms afreſh.

9 May all Deſcriptions find
This is the houſe of God;
Where Grace with Majeſty is join'd,
Thro' Jeſus' precious blood.

10 And O moſt gracious Lord!
To all who thee adore
Within theſe Walls, do thou afford
Thy preſence evermore.

Sung

HYMN XXIII.

Sung after reading the 6th chapter of the 2d of Chronicles, and three first verses of the 7th chap.

1 GREAT Lord of All! this House O deign
Thy residence to view:
'Tis but thine own we give again,
And claim thyself in lieu.

2 Our humble, hearty boon receive;
Fulfil our warm desire:
Now, now thine ancient signal give,
And answer us by fire.

3 Fire our devotion by thy love;
Our sacrifice inflame:
Then will it mount t'wards Thee above,
And shew from whence it came.

HYMN XXIV.

JEHOVAH SHAMMAH—*The Lord is there.*
Sung after Sermon, from Ezec. 48. 35.

1 THOU great first Cause, and final End!
From thee All came, on thee depend;
In ev'ry place, and time the same,
Jehovah Shammah, is thy name.

2 Thro'

2 Thro' the unmeaſur'd fields of ſpace,
Is thine unbounded dwelling-place ;
Nor can the heav'n of heav'ns on high,
E'er circumſcribe thy Majeſty.

3 Shall then this houſe be thine abode ;
Shall man erect a ſeat for God :
Or walls of ſtone preſume to vie,
With his bright palace in the ſky ?

4 Yes, tho' our God reigns o'er the ſkies,
On earth his fav'rite manſion lies !
Where ſaints aſſemble, he is known,
And ev'ry contrite heart's his throne.

5 Then condeſcend O God of grace,
To enter now thy reſting-place :
This houſe that's for thy footſtool ſet,
O beautify it with thy feet.

6 Here to thy people's various pray'r,
At all times bow a gracious ear :
Forgive their ſins, their foes confound ;
Let bleſſings o'er their wants abound.

7 Here may thy word be truly taught ;
Thine ordinances gladly ſought ;
Sinners converted, ſaints built up
In holy joy, and humble hope.

8 Here may men ſound thy praiſe abroad,
And ſhout the wonder-working God :
Triumph o'er Satan, ſelf and ſin,
And thouſands here their heaven begin.

9 Then we with gladneſs will declare
Jehovah Shammah, God is there !
Be here great God—and may this place
Be thine abode till time ſhall ceaſe.

HYMN XXV.

JACOB'S LADDER.

And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder ſet upon earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, Gen 28. 12.

1 SEE Jacob's Ladder here is ſet,
Whoſe top ſurmounts the ſkies !
Thro' this we all our mercies get ;
God all our wants ſupplies.

2 This

2 This opens Paradiſe afreſh ;
This makes a road to heav'n :
'Tis the dear Mediators fleſh,
For ſinful mortals giv'n.

3 (With God he's God, and Man with men ;
This double nature bears :
That union to reſtore again,
Which ſin aſunder tears.)

4 This Ladder forms communion ſweet
Between the earth and ſkies:
Here ſaints and angels often meet,
And intermix their joys.

5 On this our bleſſings all come down ;
Our pray'rs and praiſe aſcend—
We viſit God's all-gracious throne ;
He viſits man his friend.

6 O let us leave earth's wretched ground,
And on this Ladder riſe ;
Soon ſhall we gain its topmoſt round,
And enter heav'nly joys.

MOSES'

HYMN XXVI.

MOSES' ROD.

Send Lord by whom thou wilt send. Exo. 4. 13.

1 WHEN I reflect upon my work,
And on my weakneſs too:
My foes how many, and my gifts
How feeble and how few!

2 Like Moſes, my poor coward heart
Would fain the taſk refuſe—
And ſend O Lord by whom thou wilt,
But only *me* excuſe.

3 But hark! what voice is that I hear,
That chides my ling'ring ſtay?
'Tis His, whom Devils ever fear;
Whom Angels ſtill obey.

" 4 And am not I who ſend you forth,
" The all-ſufficient God;
" The rod who to a ſerpent turn'd,
" The ſerpent to a rod?

5 'Tis

" 5 Tis I who give the pow'r of ſpeech;
" And you my promiſe have,
" That were my providence may call,
" My pow'r ſhall be to ſave."

6 Lord 'tis enough——Arm'd with thy Rod,
I'll boldly go and tell
To ſinners all thou ſhalt command,
And brave th' aſſaults of Hell.

HYMN XXVII.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD SUITED TO HIS CREATURES.

Who art thou that repliеſt againſt God? Rom. ix. 20.

1 GOD is a Sov'reign, and his Will
Is the ſole law which guides him ſtill:
Yet who abuſe of Pow'r need fear?
He is all Wiſe, and cannot err.

2 Then let each murm'ring tongue be mute,
Nor dare its Maker's Right diſpute;
But ev'ry heart ſecurely truſt,
For he is infinitely Juſt.

3 To doubt his Love no creatures need ;
His Goodneſs does all bounds exceed :
And oh, forbear to tempt his Rod,
For he's an Holy jealous God.

4 Let no bold wretch perverſely dare
Plead his Decree to nurſe diſpair :
But all with thankfulneſs embrace
The faithful Offers of his Grace.

5 His Mercy does to all extend
Who to his footſtool humbly bend :
And all who truſt him may be ſure,
His Truth for ever will endure.

6 He's ever Faithful to th' upright ;
His Holineſs is their delight :
Nor leſs the Judgements that he ſhows
On all their ſins, and all their foes.

7 Thus God's Perfection's all agree,
And ſuit with man's neceſſity :
And none of happineſs need fear,
Who love his perfect Character.

HYMN XXVIII.

THE WONDERS OF THE CROSS.

Great is the Myſtery of Godlineſs ! Tim. v. 16.

1 LO ! what a ſtrange amazing ſight
Attracts my wond'ring eyes ;
The Lord of glory, God of might,
Becomes a man and dies.

2 Heav'n's Majeſty behov'd to ſtoop,
Heav'n's happineſs to groan ;
Rebellious meanneſs to raiſe up
From dunghills to a throne.

3 See natures' Author, and her Lord,
By his own works arraign'd :
Whom all the hoſts of heav'n ador'd ;
Worms of the earth diſdain'd.

4 He, in whom all perfection's found,
Condemn'd by guilty laws.
That thoſe with glory might be crown'd,
Whoſe crimes were the ſole cauſe.

5 Almighty pow'r ſeem'd overcome;
Unerring wiſdom dup'd;
And life's eternal ſource and ſum,
To death's dark ſceptre ſtoop'd.

6 In Jeſus ſuch ſtrange *wonders* meet;
In him ſuch *love* abounds:
This makes my happineſs compleat,
While *that* my ſenſe confounds.

HYMN XXIX.

RETURN OF THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

For lo the winter is paſt. &c. Cant. ii. 11, 12, 13.

1 WHEN winter chills the ground,
All nature hangs its head;
Dark horrors ſpread around;
Beauty and joy are fled:
Scarce ſhines the ſun;
And when he does,
Clouds interpoſe,
And quench his noon.

2 No fruits, or flowers appear,
No grateful odours riſe ;
The birds their ſongs forbear,
And ceaſe their ſprightly joys.
But when the ſun
His beams reſtore ;
Winter's no more—
Joy is begun.

3 Ah, ſuch is my ſad caſe
When Jeſus is withdrawn ;
He hides his ſmiling face,
And lo all pleaſures' gone !
I mope, I mourn ;
Nor can I reſt,
Nor am I bleſt
'Till his return.

4 Great Sun of righteouſneſs,
With healing wings ariſe :
Theſe gloomy horrors chaſe,
Oh bleſs theſe longing eyes !

One look of thine
Will ſoon diſpel
This gloomy hell:
Shine, Saviour ſhine!

5 Then ſhall my doubts depart;
My drooping graces ſpring;
Then ſhall my barren heart
Fruit to perfection bring:
Then ſhall my praiſe,
In odours ſweet,
Riſe up to meet
Thy quick'ning rays.

HYMN XXX.

THE LORD'S PRESENCE IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Tho' I walk thro' the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me.
Pſa. xxiii. 4.

1 HEAV'NLY Father be my guide,
Keep, oh keep me near thy ſide:
Loſt and helpleſs, where can I
But to thee my Father fly?

Let

Let thy *gracious* hand direct;
Let thy *mighty* hand protect,
While I paſs this world of ſtrife;
'Till I reach eternal life.

2 Chiefly O indulgent Pow'r,
Smile upon my dying hour!
Let no enemy aſſail,
While I paſs death's gloomy vale;
Let no doubt my views obſcure;
Let no worldly wiſh allure;
Ev'ry fearful thought ſuppreſs;
Smooth my road to heav'nly bliſs.

3 Then farewel vain world of ſtrife;
Welcome everlaſting life:
Nothing here ſhall tempt my ſtay,
Death's kind ſummons I'll obey.
Now adieu all mortal things,
Seraphs, take me on your wings;
Waft, oh waft me far away
To the realms of perfect day.

4 There the pleaſures of my mind,
Shall be vaſt and unconfin'd;
There in praiſes all divine,
With Archangels I ſhall join;
There in pureſt love to Thee,
Oh moſt glorious Trinity;
There in never ceaſing joy.
I ſhall ſpend eternity.

HYMN XXXI.

PRECIOUS FAITH.

According to your Faith be it unto you. Mat. ix. 29.

1 'TIS Faith is the gift
Poor ſinners ſhould prize;
'Tis Faith that muſt lift
Our ſouls to the ſkies;
'Tis this that enables
To bear trials well;
Spurn earth and its baubles,
And trample on hell.

2 Whatever

2 Whatever complaints
O'erwhelm the ſad mind;
Tho' wants upon wants
We ev'ry day find;
Temptations oppreſs us,
And ſorrows and ſins—
Faith ſoon does releaſe us,
And heaven begins.

3 Is Faith ſtrong and firm,
Each grace will then ſpring;
Our love will wax warm,
Our hope ſpread its wing;
Submiſſive our patience,
And ſprightly our joy;
And praiſe and obedience
Each motion employ.

4 But when Faith is weak,
Ah, where is the ſaint!
The whole head is ſick;
The whole heart is faint.

Our graces all feeble,
Our God out of ſight;
And death and the devil
Our poor ſouls affright.

5 Oh then, let us pray
More Faith may be giv'n
To us day by day,
'Till got ſafe to heav'n:
Where Faith will be ſwallow'd
In viſion, and then
God's name ſhall be hallow'd
For ever, Amen.

HYMN XXXII.

REVELATION

Who hath brought life and immortality to light by the Goſpel. 2. Tim. i. 10.

1 I OWN with ſorrow and with ſhame,
That I a guilty ſinner am:
But whence that ſinfulneſs aroſe,
'Tis Revelation muſt diſcloſe.

2 In

2 In all I think, or ſpeak, or do,
Much imperfection ſtill I view:
But I'm by Revelation taught,
How vile's each action, word and thought.

3 That God in *mercy* could forgive,
Some diſtant hope I might conceive;
And how in *juſtice* that can be,
From Revelation plain I ſee.

4 To find an advocate with God,
Making atonement by his blood,
To hope, what creature dare preſume,
Did Revelation not give room?

5 That 'tis my duty, ſure I deem,
To love and ſerve the Lord ſupreme:
But Revelation can alone
Point out that ſervice he will own.

6 Tho' I might gladly hope to have
Life, and true joy beyond the grave:
Yet lo! what darkneſs hangs between,
'Till Revelation clears the ſcene.

7 But that the body too ſhould riſe,
And ſhare the glories of the ſkies;
What mortal could pretend to know?
Yet Revelation tells me ſo.

8 I find that I a fitneſs needs,
Which all my nat'ral pow'r exceeds;
But how that fitneſs I may gain,
Tis Revelation muſt explain.

9 Then Revelation let me prize,
Which to ſalvation makes me wiſe.
And let me to that Saviour flee,
Who there reveals himſelf to me.

HYMN XXXIII.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR.

By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are ſanctified. Heb. x. 14.

1 AMAZING was the love!
Unſpeakable the grace!
That brought ſalvation from above,
To Adam's guilty race.

2 Ruin'd

2 Ruin'd and wretched too,
O'erwhelm'd with ſin and ſhame;
We nought to help ourſelves could do,
Nor help from others came.

3 Then did th' eternal God
Commiſerate our caſe;
And as on Cherub's wings he rode,
To reſcue rebel's baſe.

4 Not all th' angelic pow'rs,
(Had they been ſo inclin'd
To ſubſtitute their ſtate for ours)
An equal price could find.

5 Not all the realms below,
(Replete with loſs and pain)
Could ample ſatisfaction ſhow,
Or wipe away the ſtain.

6 'Twas God's coëqual Son,
That vail'd himſelf in clay!
And by one off'ring he alone
Took all our ſins away.

7 Had I ten thouſand tongues,
They ne'er due praiſe could bring;
Should ev'ry tongue, ten thouſand ſongs,
Thro' countleſs ages ſing.

HYMN XXXIV.

THE BEST BENEFACTOR.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wiſe caſt out.
John. vi. 37.

1 YE wretched and poor,
This, this is the door
Where alms are moſt freely beſtow'd:
A ſorrowful heart
Did never depart
The threſhold of Jeſus our God.

2 Lo, ſee how he ſtands
With outſtretched hands,
And hear him moſt kindly declare:
"Here's bread, and a home
"For all who will come,
"And clothes for the naked and bare."

3 Who

3 Who then dare ſtand by,
And ſullenly cry ?
" No, no 'tis not me that he means."
If you've a mind gave,
An alms you would have :
'Tis you, tho' he calls not your names.

4 Oh make no delay,
To Chriſt haſte away ;
E'er long, and he'll ſhut mercy's door.
Then tho' you ſhall cry,
And bitterly ſigh ;
You'll hear his kind meſſage no more.

HYMN XXXV.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Happy is the man that findeth wiſdom. Pro. iii. 13.
Bleſſed is he whoſe tranſgreſſion is forgiven. Pſa. xxxii. 1, 2.

1 HAPPY is he who attains to know,
His proper buſineſs here below ;
Made wiſe his real ſtate to learn,
And his true int'reſt to diſcern.

2 Happy

2 Happy is he whoſe faults bemoan'd
Are by the Saviour's blood aton'd ;
Whom God his judge acquits from blame ;
Whoſe conſcience teſtifies the ſame.

3 Happy is he who is ſincere ;
T' offend his God his only fear :
To do his will, and taſte his love,
The only joy he does approve.

4 Happy is he who is content,
Thankful for mercies daily ſent ;
Who patiently endures his woes,
And with delight his duty does.

5 This is the man who gains the end,
Which his Creator did intend :
Whoſe life is crown'd with ſolid peace,
And with his days his joys increaſe.

6 (Not boiſt'rous, muddy, ſea-wrought joy ;
The ſpume of pride or vanity :
But ſteady, ſoft, ſerene and clear ;
And deep as peaceful rivers* are.)

7 Thro'

* Iſa. xlviii. 18.

7 Thro' life he calmly glides along,
Unmingling with the giddy throng ;
'Till death, which ends their ſhallow bliſs,
Will give perfection unto his.

8 Then ſhall he nobly mount on high,
To join the buſineſs of the ſky :
There on tranſporting pleaſures live,
Such as a God of love can give.

HYMN XXXVI.

TRIUMPHING OVER THIS WORLD IN PROSPECT OF A BETTER.

Here we have no continuing city, but we ſeek one to come. Heb. xiii. 14.

1 ALAS for this region of ſhades !
Dark valley of viſions and dreams !
This world of vain ſhows and parades,
And every thing but what it ſeems !
A ſtate where nought ſtable abides ;
Where evils from evils ſtill grow ;
Confuſion and diſcord preſides,
And nothing is certain but woe.

2 What's here to deſerve a deſire ?
Or wiſhing, what hope to obtain ?
Or gaining—Earth's joys moſt entire,
How ſlight, and how ſoon to reſign !
Sage mortals, the wiſe and the juſt,
Surrender to fools, and to knaves :
Proud heroes are roll'd in the duſt ;
While cripples dance over their graves.

3 Let fools of the dignities dream,
Which blind fickle Fortune affords :
Her ſmiles, and her frowns I contemn ;
I trample on ſceptres and ſwords.
There's nought o'er this pitiful clod,
Or in the bright regions above ;
Can ſatisfy me, but a God ;
Can yield me delight, but his love.

4 How long muſt I trace the ſad gloom,
And here a ſtray foreigner pine :
How long ſhall vile matter entomb
A ſoul that's immortal, divine !

Whirl

Whirl round Time's ſlow loitering wheel,
The dreary enchantment diſſolve :
My country no longer conceal ;
Whirl round, and my fate diſ-involve.

5 What tho' now I ſink, now I riſe ;
On ſeas of viciſſitude toſt !
I'm heir to a throne in the ſkies ;
My title can never be loſt.
What, tho' ſoon Time's whirlpool ingurge
Whate'er is found mortal of me !
Soon, ſoon ſhall this alſo emerge,
To ride a more pacific ſea.

6 Let vengeance brimful, quench the ſun ;
The ſtars from their orbits be hurl'd ;
Confuſion all nature o'errun ;
And world fiercely daſh againſt world :
My heart ſhall not yield to diſmay !
When nature and creature is paſt,
My God is my ſtrength, and my ſtay,
And ſhall be my portion at laſt.*

* Pſa. xlvi. 1, 2, 3.

HYMN XXXVII.

MOSES POINTING TO CHRIST.

Rom. x. 5,—10. Paraphraſed.

1 MOSES the meſſenger of God,
Indulg'd to know his Maker's will;
To ſpread his royal law abroad,
And nature's ancient rule reveal,
Pronounc'd the man who did it bleſt,
Yet ſought himſelf a better reſt.

2 For well he knew, the law requir'd
A righteouſneſs he could not give;
Yet to perform, no ſtrength inſpir'd;
But ſternly cry'd---"Do this and live:"
Therefore he turn'd (and points us each)
To the mild goſpel's gentler ſpeech.

3 No airy flight to heav'n or hell,
To ſound the deep, or ſcale the ſky:
As tho' the Saviour thence to ſteal,
Or fetch unwilling from on high.

Vain,

Vain, fooliſh thought! but goſpel faith
Hath different language, thus it ſaith:

4 "Ceaſe vain atchiever, ſpare thy ſweat;
"To ranſack heav'n and hell forbear;
"Salvation is declar'd compleat:
"Why ſeek ſo wide, what lies ſo near?
"'Tis in thy heart, thy mouth alone;
"Believe, confeſs*—the deed is done."

5 'Tis cordial faith does ſinners lead,
To Chriſt the ſource of righteouſneſs;
And ſaints by conſtant love proceed,
'Till they the full reward poſſeſs.
Believe, confeſs, with mouth and mind,
Nor ſeparate what God hath join'd.

HYMN

* Confeſſion here comprehends a holy life, as the beſt evidence of a true faith, and not barely the expreſſion of the lips. To confeſs Chriſt was ſo dangerous at the time St. Paul wrote this, that it might be ſuppoſed none would venture to do it unleſs they had true faith.

HYMN XXXVIII.

THE PORT OF REST.

So he bringeth them to the Haven where they would be.
Pſa. cvii. 30.

1 SEE, how the tempeſt ſweeps the ſkies;
See, how the ſeas in mountains riſe;
And terrors round me roll!
Lo now I riſe, lo now I ſink;
And ev'ry moment ſeems the brink
Of ruin to my ſoul!

2 I toil, I ev'ry effort ſtrain;
I pray and ſweat, and pray again;
But hope, alas I've none!
My bark is daſh'd upon the rock,
The flood well nigh my ſpirits choke,
I'm ſinking! Oh, I'm gone!

3 Now, now I ſpy the Port of Reſt!
New life rekindles in my breaſt—
The promiſe of a God;

Eternal

Eternal, changeleſs, firm and free;
Made to the wretched, made to me,
And ratify'd with blood.

4 Here then I fix my anchor faſt;
My bark ſhall ride out ev'ry blaſt,
From ſinking I'm ſecure:
The winds and waves obey'd his will;
He calm'd them *both*, with, Peace —Be ſtill—
No more—my ſoul no more!

HYMN XXXIX.

BOASTING IN CHRIST.

I can do all things, &c. Phil. iv. 13.

1 AN arrogant boaſt
It ſurely muſt ſeem!
Shall worms of the duſt
Omnipotence claim?
Yet lo! what ſaint Paul ſings,
Each chriſtian may too:
Tho' weaker than all things,
He all things can do.

2 The

2 The half of his feats
'Twould fail me to tell:
The whole world he beats; *
He tramples on hell; †
He challenges juſtice
To find in him fault; ‡
And e'en heav'n his truſt is
To take by aſſault! §

3 He waxes in pow'r
The greater his foes; ‖
And proſpers the more,
The more they oppoſe: ¶
He conquers their hate, or **
If that can't be done;
He does what is greater,
He conquers his own. ††

4 The ſtate he is in
Affords him content:
To loſe or to win;
To have or to want: ‡‡ Come

* 1 John, v. 4, 5.---†1 Cor. xv. 55, margin.---‡Rom. viii. 33, 34.---§Mat. xi. 12.---‖Deut. xxxiii. 25.---¶Exo. i. 12.---**Rom. xii. 21.---††Prov. xvi. 32.---‡‡Phil. iv. 11, 12.

Come high things, come low things,
In peace, or in thrall;
He's careful for nothing,
Yet thankful for all. †

5 When moſt he's diſtreſt,
He moſt can rejoice; *
And ever ſings beſt,
When tears drown his voice: ‡
The dark valley paſſes
Of death undiſmay'd;
And judgement he faces,
And is not afraid. ¶

6 Yet lo, all this pow'r
Is none of his own!
He'd faint ev'ry hour
If once left alone:
From Chriſt he derives it,
There, there is his ſtore!
And the glory, he gives it
To Chriſt ever more.

† Phil. iv. 6. * Jam. i. 2. ‡ 1 Pet. iv. 13. ¶ 1 John v. 17.

HYMN XL.

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS, *July*, 1770.

Bleſs the Lord O my ſoul, &c. Pſa. ciii. 1—4.

1 BLESS thou the Lord my ſoul!
The Maker of my frame;
And all my inward faculties
Combine to bleſs his name.

2 Bleſs thou the Lord my ſoul!
His goodneſs claims no leſs:
For conſtant as thy moments roll,
His benefits increaſe.

3 The Lord, whoſe tender care
T'wards thee has ever been:
Whoſe healing hand thy health reſtores,
Whoſe love forgives thy ſin.

4 Whoſe grace redeem'd thy life;
For which hell vainly ſtrove:
That *life*, in daily mercy ſpares,
And chears with hourly love.

5 Be all his bounteous gifts
That crown my mortal breath,
In *life* devoted to his praiſe,
'Till render'd back by *death*.

6 But lo! my nobleſt joys
Death's utmoſt pow'r deride;
Springing from God's eternal throne,
They firm as that abide.

HYMN XLI.

TRUE FAITH DISTINGUISHED.

It worketh by love. Gal. v. 6.
Purifieth the heart. Acts xv. 9.
Produceth good fruits. Mat. vii. 17.

1 THAT we are ſav'd by Faith alone,
God's holy word aſſerts;
But *pride* this doctrine does diſown,
And *wickedneſs* perverts.

2 Some think, in Faith they ſo abound
Salvation is their due!
Thus Faith with works they would confound,
Yet *neither* have to ſhew.

3 An empty notion ſome profeſs,
And think they now believe;
As if to ſee, was to poſſeſs,
To know, was to receive.

4 Others, becauſe they ne'er did doubt,
They muſt have Faith conclude:
As well might thoſe of vict'ry ſhout,
Who ne'er in battle ſtood.

5 But thoſe who *moſt* themſelves deceive,
And ſure deſtruction win;
Are ſuch who boaſt that they believe,
And yet are ſlaves to ſin.

6 But Faith (if genuine) has theſe ends;
T' exalt the Lord alone;
On his ſole merits it depends,
And quite diſclaims its own.

7 It is an all-ſubduing pow'r,
All-purifying grace;
Of holineſs brings forth the *flow'r*,
And *fruits* of righteouſneſs.

8 It fills the heart with gratitude,
And thence the life renews :
And while vain works it does exclude,
The nobleſt works produce.

HYMN XLII.

THE LAW
AS IT RESPECTS SINNERS.

The law is weak thro' the fleſh. Rom. viii. 3.

1 GOD's holy Law in part or whole,
Can never juſtify a ſoul ;
For where is he who dares to ſay,
He does not break it day by day ?

2 But has God giv'n a Law to men,
That's vain and nugatory then ?
It did with man's true ſtate agree ;
And ſtill ſhews what he ought to be.

3 The Law's a ſtraight and perfect rule,
And deviates not 'cauſe man's a fool ;
And thoſe ſufficient pow'rs has loſt,
Which his primeval ſtate could boaſt.

4 The

4 The Law deſcribes the proper road,
Which ſhould by ev'ry man be trode:
But can the poſt that ſhews the way,
To the lame trav'ler ſtrength convey?

5 Yet 'tis not that the Law is weak:
The leaſt commandment that we break,
Has pow'r ſufficient to condemn,
And doom us to eternal ſhame.

6 The Law has ſtill theſe uſes plain;
Men from exceſſes to reſtrain,
And ſhew to all what need they have
Of an almighty Friend to ſave.

HYMN XLIII.

THE LAW

AS IT RESPECTS SAINTS.

The commandment is holy, and juſt, and good.
Rom. vii. 12.

1 GOD has a Law to mortals ſent,
Of ſov'reign ſanction, vaſt extent:
Outward to every action brought,
Inward it reaches to the thought.

2 This

2 This Law, tho' ſtrict, ſo ſimple is,
And ſo congenial to our bliſs;
Its full extent two precepts prove,
Yea one ſhort ſyllable, 'tis Love!

3 But love, altho' man's proper good,
(And was, while undeprav'd he ſtood)
Is now become his foreſt taſk,
And ſupernat'ral pow'r does aſk.

4 With the whole ſoul, and ſtrength, and mind,
Love to our God—to all our kind
As to ourſelves; full, free, ſincere;
From ev'ry imperfection clear.

5 This was the rule of nature ſtill,
Publiſh'd abroad on Sinai's hill;
Exemplify'd by God's own Son,
And thro' eternity will run.

6 This Law in heav'n will ſtronger bind,
Increaſing obligations find:
Nor can this rule of right remove,
While there's a God of Love to love.

HYMN XLIV.

THE SINNER'S ONLY PLEA.

Oh ſave me for thy Mercy's ſake. Pſa. vi. 4.

1 LORD I have done—my mouth I cloſe;
Vain works I urge no more:
My ſtubble to thy fire oppoſe;*
Or trifle with thy pow'r.

2 No longer dare I name deſert,
Bereft of ev'ry plea;
Does helpleſs mis'ry move thy heart?
Then thou muſt pity me.

3 Pity and pardon Lord I crave,
No merit can I boaſt;
Thy freeſt pardon I muſt have,
Or be for ever loſt.

4 But can thy righteouſneſs allow,
That grace ſhould triumph thus?
Yes, thy bleſt volume ſhews me how,
And points me to thy croſs.

5 There

* Iſa. xxvii. 4.

5 There I behold my cancell'd blame,
My guilty ſoul ſet clear:
Juſtice and mercy both the ſame,
And God no more ſevere.

6 O may this reconciling view
My utmoſt efforts raiſe:
Works leſs I'll urge, but more I'll do,
And thou ſhalt have the praiſe.

HYMN XLV.

THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE.

The 71ſt Pſalm paraphraſed.

1 GREAT God the author and the end
Of all things, and the ſinner's friend:
I caſt myſelf, and all my care
On thee—O let me not deſpair.

2 When difficulties round me preſs,
Open a way for my redreſs:
For thou in juſtice now canſt have
An ear to hear, an arm to ſave.

3 My God, on ev'ry new ſurpriſe,
As the defenceleſs Rabbit flies
Into the rock, * ſo I to thee
My Rock, at thy commandment flee.

4 From men of fraud, and men of blood,
Thro' life protect me O my God:
For from my earlieſt youth thou know'ſt,
I've made thy ſacred name my boaſt.

5 'Twas thou exiſtence to me gave,
'Tis thou preſerv'ſt me from the grave;
From thee all bleſſings I derive,
And to thy praiſe O may I live,

Second Part.

6 GREAT is the work I'm call'd to do,
Great are the trials I go thro':
Men wonder I can bear the load;
But I've a ſtrong, almighty God.

7 To thee the honour ſhall be paid,
For all thy counſel and thy aid;
And daily I'll aſcribe to thee
The praiſe of all that's done by me.

8 When

* Compare the Margin with Pſa. civ. 18.

8 When age draws on, and ſtrength ſhall fail;
Num'rous infirmities prevail;
From fretful cares thy ſervant keep;
My foes would gladly ſee me ſlip.

9 But O my God be thou ſtill near
To help me, then I will not fear;
For all that watch to do me wrong,
Shall be deceiv'd, and bite their tongue.

10 But I continually will hope;
And as thy favour bears me up,
To all thy kind deliv'rance tell,
And in thy praiſe yet more excel.

Third Part.

11 MY mouth with pleaſure ſhall proclaim,
Thy great ſalvation, and thy name;
Thy glorious works of righteouſneſs,
No numbers ever can expreſs.

12 In thy almighty ſtrength I'll go,
Nor fear the perſecuting foe;
And of thy righteouſneſs alone,
I'll preach—for other there is none.

13 Ev'n from my youth I've known thy name,
And hitherto have taught the fame :
O leave me not when hoary hairs
Portend infirmities and cares.

14 Thy righteouſneſs all thought exceeds,
Thou haſt perform'd amazing deeds ;
And great has been thy love to me :
Lord who can e'er compare with thee !

15 Old-age, and death itſelf muſt come ;
But O, before thou tak'ſt me home,
To preach thy word aſſiſt me ſtill,
'Till I've accompliſh'd all thy will.

Fourth Part.

16 MANY, and great, and grievous are
The troubles I am call'd to bear :
But thou, who doſt thoſe troubles ſhew,
Supports me in, and bring'ſt me thro.'

17 Thou wilt me raiſe, however low,
On ev'ry ſide make comforts flow :
My flock, my family, my ſoul
Wilt bleſs—till all my joy is full.

18 O make me great in uſefulneſs,
And my unworthy labours bleſs:
Then all my inſtruments of joy,
I'll daily in thy praiſe employ.

19 I'll praiſe thee with my lips, my tongue;
My heart, my ſoul, ſhall join the ſong;
For thou didſt my loſt ſoul redeem
From death's dark ſhades, and woes extreme.

20 My God, I'll boaſt of all thy ways,
And numbers I'll provoke to praiſe:
Far round thy righteous dealings ſpread,
And all my foes ſhall hide their head.

HYMN XLIV.

THE PRECIOUS GOSPEL.

The Trumpet ſhall be blown, and they ſhall come which were ready to periſh. Iſa. xxvii. 13.

1 HARK, hark the glad ſound!
'Thro earth doth rebound;
Return home ye captives a ranſom is found.

2 For

2 For every grief
Here's sov'reign relief;
Salvation for sinners, of whom I am chief.

3 Then make no delay,
Cast fear far away:
Seize sinners your portion, and bless the glad day.

4 Salvation is yours
With all its rich stores:
'Tis mercy bestows it, 'tis justice secures.

5 However distrest,
If this is possest,
You're richer than Indies, the east, and the west.

6 Ye beggars then rise;
Now shew yourselves wise;
Rise, rise from your dunghills, and seize the rich prize.

7 Blest spirit exert
Thy pow'r on each heart,
And all that is wanting most freely impart.

8 Now,

8 Now, now the will give,
And pow'r to believe;
Thy meſſage to welcome, thy praiſes to live.

HYMN XLVII.

PARDON FOR SINNERS.

The 130 Pſalm paraphraſed.

1 FROM depths of miſery and ſin;
Fightings without, and fears within;
To God my trembling lips did cry;
To God my heart ſent forth a ſigh.

2 Oh! ſtay thy much deſerved ire;
Bow down thine ear to my deſire;
Attend O Lord to my requeſt,
And let thy mercy on me reſt.

3 Should'ſt thou be ſtrict to mark our faults,
And notice all our guilty thoughts:
Alas! which of our race could ſtand
Thy piercing eye, thy mighty hand.

4 But thro' thy Son thou canſt forgive,
And bid deſpairing ſinners live;
And thus impreſs by gentle love,
That fear, which vengeance could not move.

Then ſhall my ſoul ſtill wait for thee,
'Till I compleat ſalvation ſee.
Lord 'tis thy word ſupports my hope,
And bears my fainting ſpirits up.

6 As thoſe who've watch'd a tedious night,
Catch the firſt beams of dawning light;
So longs my ſoul to ſee thy face,
Shining with all-forgiving grace.

7 Let Iſrael learn to truſt the Lord,
For plenteous pardon he'll afford:
Mercy aboundeth with our God,
Ev'n then, when moſt you feel his rod.

8 What tho' your ſins all bounds exceed;
For boundleſs ſins Chriſt came to bleed;
And all who were for heav'n deſign'd,*
Shall full and free redemption find.

HYMN XLVIII.

* Acts xiii. 48.

HYMN XLVIII.

HAPPY SERVITUDE.

In keeping of them is great Reward. Pſa. xix. 11.

1 WHY do miſtaken mortals deem
The yoke of Jeſus ſuch a load?
Why to their thoughts ſo painful ſeem
The gentle mandates of our God?

2 But Jeſus' true diſciples know,
Obedience is their higheſt bliſs:
All his commands from mercy flow,
To do them perfect freedom is.

3 When ſaints retire their God to find,
Or to his courts glad homage bring:
Which by the intercourſe has gain'd?
The favour'd ſubject, or the King?

4 Does he one day in ſeven aſk?
What does he, but our toils relax
To reſt with him, and eaſe the taſk
Which the too cruel world exacts?

5 When we to all due honour give;
And ceaſe from envy, and from ſtrife:
In preſent peace we happy live;
That peace prolongs our happy life.

6 If we relieve the needy poor,
Their wants our diſcontent relieve;
The contraſt doubles all our ſtore,
And in beſtowing we receive.

7 Do we from ſoft indulgence riſe,
And viſit beds of pain and grief?
Bleſt with the healthful exerciſe,
Our own diſorders find relief.

8 If we are temp'rate, ſober, chaſte;
'Tis health of body, peace of mind:
Beſides a poignancy of taſte,
That Libertines can never find.

9 Should death ſink all men to a par,
Nor ought remain 'twixt juſt and knave;
The good man has the advantage far.
But ah, ſhould men ſurvive the grave!—

HYMN XLIX.

MISERABLE FREEDOM.

The Reward of his hands ſhall be given him.
Iſa. iii. 11.

1 WHY do miſtaken mortals deem
The badge of Satan to excel?
Why to their thoughts ſo pleaſant ſeem
The cruel drudgeries of hell?

2 But Satan's vot'ries ſurely know,
Nought elſe than miſery they've got:
Sin is their work and wages too,
Nor need they have a harder lot!

3 When ſinners from God's preſence run,
And his tereſtrial courts deſpiſe;
Their nobleſt happineſs they ſhun,
And wrong themſelves of unknown joys.

4 Tho' to relax our toils and cares,
A day of ſacred reſt is giv'n,
Sloth and Profanity declares,
'Tis the moſt toilſome of the ſev'n.

5 When ſullen rancour frets the mind,
Or open fury rends the frame;
A death untimely ſuch oft find,
Or life unworthy of the name.

6 The wretch, who (anxious ſtill to get)
Scarce to himſelf due right affords;
His own fond purpoſe does defeat,
And ſtarves amidſt his golden hoards.

7 By indolence, and ſelfiſh eaſe
New ills are hatch'd, the *old* increas'd;
Or idle whims ſupply their place,
And turn a parlour to a peſt.

8 But when lewd ſinners drop the reins,
And wildly rove from luſt to luſt;
Loathſome diſeaſes pay their pains,
Diſgrace, confuſion and diſguſt.

9 Great God, thy precepts O how wiſe!
Moſt kind when moſt they ſeem ſevere;
Meant to improve our preſent joys,
And for eternal joys prepare.

HYMN L.

AFFLICTIONS.

Afflictions abide me. Acts xx. 23.

1 THE griefs I feel
No tongue can tell:
O heavenly Father guide me!
Where e'er I go,
One thing I know,
Afflictions ſtill abide me.

2 Sometimes I think
I ſure muſt ſink,
For none had ſuch beſide me:
But then I read,
E'en Paul once ſaid,
Afflictions ſtill abide me.

3 Good men ſeem oft
To ſtand aloft,
And wicked men deride me:
From friend and foe
I've many a blow;
Afflictions thus abide me.

4 What grieves me moſt,
God's ſmiles are loſt,
His preſence is deny'd me;
And I within
Feel guilt and ſin;
Afflictions ſure abide me.

5 Temptations great
Do cloſe beſet,
And Satan has defy'd me;
That I my hope
Almoſt give up;
Afflictions ſo abide me.

6 Thro' all my life,
With this ſad ſtrife
The Lord has ſorely try'd me:
And at this day
I ſure can ſay,
Afflictions ſtill abide me.

7 But all I'll bear;
Nor will I care
What in this world betide me:

If when my ſoul
Shall reach the goal,
The crown is not deny'd me.

8 Then Chriſt will me
From ſorrow free,
And in his boſom hide me;
Nor peril nor ſword
From my dear Lord
Shall ever more divide me.

HYMN LI.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

The Song of Songs which is Solomon's. Cant. i. 1.

I SING the matchleſs ſong of ſongs,
Which to King Solomon belongs;
To Chriſt the Prince of peace.
A Song whoſe equal is not found,
Of love that is all love beyond,
And joys that never ceaſe.

2 How

2 How grand the subject, how divine!
What beauties flow in every line;
Such as a God behoves!
O touch it not with hands profane,
Much less should impious jests e'er stain
This sacred Song of loves.

3 No thought impure, no loose desires,
No wanton lust, no carnal fires
Pollute this sacred page.
A mutual flame of love most chaste,
'Twixt Jesus and his Church expreſt,
Our holiest thoughts engage.

4 Jesus commends the comely dress;
The beauties of the holiness
In which his Church does shine.
Unwilling she to take the praise,
And with a conscious blush replies,
"Those beauties all are thine."

5 Of her defects she sore complains;
Yet since the King of heaven deigns
Unworthy her to admire:

Such

Such ſtrange, ſuch unexampled love,
Makes all her tend'reſt paſſions move,
And ſets her ſoul on fire.

6 Happy herſelf, no narrow plan,
No ſelfiſh motive ever can
Her gen'rous heart confine.
Fain would ſhe all the world entice
To ſhare in her unbounded joys,
And taſte of love divine.

7 Nature's wide field ſhe ranges o'er;
She ranſacks all creation's ſtore
To find an equal theme.
But lo! he is the Lord of hoſts,
And ev'ry beauty nature boaſts
Is but a ray from him.

8 Now ſhe concludes her Jeſus is
The ſum of good, the ſpring of bliſs;
And altogether love:
Begs he would ever with her ſtay,
Or ſoon would take her hence away
To dwell with him above.

HYMN LII.

The cxi *Pſalm paraphraſed.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, and thou my heart
Thy grateful anthems raiſe:
Amidſt th' applauding croud reſort,
And chearful ſhout his praiſe.

2 Aloud his mighty acts declare;
His glorious works applaud:
Ten thouſand wonders ev'ry where
Demand a ſong for God.

3 Chiefly that work moſt ſingular,
In glory, pow'r and ſkill,
By which to ſinners he draws near,
And yet is righteous ſtill.

4 His goodneſs thro' creation ſpread,
Due thanks from all ſhould raiſe;
But his rich grace, where'er 'tis ſhed,
Excites to nobler praiſe.

5 No

5 No want have ever ſuch ſuſtain'd,
Who fear'd his ſacred name:
Nor ſhall, for on his faithful mind
His cov'nant's ſtill the ſame.

Second Part.

6 ISRAEL God's ſpecial love has prov'd,
And known his pow'rful hand:
T'was he their haughty foes remov'd,
And plac'd *them* in their land.

7 Nor let vain man his Judge arraign;
His Maker's will oppoſe:
Truth to his promiſe did conſtrain,
And judgment on his foes.

8 He'll vindicate his juſt commands,
However men preſume:
His holy law unalter'd ſtands,
Nor ſleeps their righteous doom.

9 Yet lo, redeeming grace he ſends,
And ſpreads his love abroad!
Ye ſaints, his cov'nant never ends,
Adore your holy God.

10 Nor will we deem thoſe greatly wiſe,
Who have not learn'd his fear;
Nor that vain ſcience will we prize,
Which leads not wholly there.

HYMN LIII.

THE POWER OF DIVINE LOVE.

Iſaiah lxiv. 1, 2. *Paraphraſed.*

1 REND now thy heav'ns, all-gracious Lord,
Come down in thine almighty word:
Let the proud mountains flow apace,
Melt, and flow down before thy face.

(2 The pow'r is vaſt, immenſe the ſtoop,
Which takes us worthleſs creatures up:
The love unſpeakable, we own,
To pluck ſuch ſtubborn rebels down.)

3 The

3 The fire its powerful influence
Thro' hardeſt metals does diſpenſe,
Or makes the ſluggiſh water riſe
In tow'ring columns 'twards the ſkies.

4 So may love's penetrating heat
Melt our hard hearts in ſorrow ſweet,
So may its all-pervading fire,
Soften our minds, our joys inſpire.

5 Then ſhall the mountains flow apace;
Melt, and flow down before thy face.
Foes ſhall confeſs th' all-conqu'ring flame,
And trembling praiſe thy holy name.

HYMN LIV.

THE GOSPEL'S FREE INVITATION.

Ho every one that thirſteth come to the waters.
Iſa. lv. 1, 2, 3.

1 HO ye that ſtand by,
Come hither and try
What Jeſus can do
For ſinners like you:

No

No longer be ſilly,
But come and receive
Thoſe bleſſings moſt freely,
Which he has to give.

2 Salvation does flow
To mortals below,
From heaven's high Throne
Thro' Jeſus alone:
Like rivers of water,
So full and ſo free,
How ſinful no matter,
Or poor you may be.

3 The Spirit doth cry
"Come freely and buy,
"Yea buy milk and wine."
All bleſſings divine,
Are here offer'd freely
Without price or pay:
Oh ſinners why will ye
Go empty away!

4 The Church the Lamb's Bride,
Invites you beſide,
To leave your vain toys,
And ſhare in her joys.
And Scripture is ſaying,
That " yet there is room ;"
Leave off your delaying,
O ſinners and come.

5 Why, why will you ſpend
Your ſtrength to no end ?
This world was not meant
To yield you content.
We ſtill are enjoying
Rich pleaſures profuſe ;
Delights never cloying,
Made ſweeter by uſe.

6 Then come to this feaſt
And eat of the beſt ;
So ſhall your ſouls live,
Yea in holineſs thrive.

Here's

Here's bread that's life-giving,
'Twill well ſatisfy;
And ſtreams ever-living,
Oh why will you die!

HYMN LV.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Mat. xxv. 31——46 *paraphraſed.*

1 HARK! 'tis the laſt loud trumpet's ſound,
That rends the ſkies and ſhakes the ground;
The *living* ſtand with anxious dread,
The earth and ſeas pour forth the *dead.*

2 Behold, behold the judge is come!
Mortals prepare to hear your doom:
See him enthron'd in glorious ſtate;
Angels around in ſilence wait.

3 Now all the nations near or far,
Haſten towards his righteous bar;
And ev'ry ſoul of Adam's race,
Stands undiſguis'd before his face.

4 See

4 See the mix'd multitude divide,
Lo how they throng on either ſide!
Now all diſtinctions have an end;
An angel each, or each a fiend.

5 The Judge now looks to his right hand;
(Here all his happy fav'rites ſtand)
With ſmiling countenance he cheers,
Their hearts, and baniſhes their fears.

6 " Come bleſſed ſaints receive thoſe joys,
" Prepar'd for you above the ſkies:
" There thouſands, and ten thouſands wait,
" To triumph in your happy ſtate.

7 " Amidſt a God-oppoſing race,
" You own'd my name in much diſgrace:
" Now for celeſtial crowns prepare,
" And all my happineſs to ſhare."

8 Frowning, he turns his flaming eyes
On thoſe who dar'd his grace deſpiſe;
Speechleſs they ſtand, with guilt they quake,
While thus the Judge in vengeance ſpake.

9 " Depart ye curſed from my ſight,
" To dwell with devils in endleſs night ;
" Than devils more worthy of the place,
" For they ne'er ſet at nought my grace.

10 " Often I call'd, but ye refus'd ;
" My patience and my love abus'd ;
" No kindneſs to my ſaints addreſt,
" But ſlighted thoſe who lov'd me beſt.

11 " Go your deſerved vengeance bear,
" Since mercy's voice ye would not hear ;
" Go, and by endleſs miſs'ries prove
" What 'twas to trample on my love."

12 Oh how they ſhriek ! Oh how they rave !
In vain of rocks and hills they crave,
To hide their guilty heads accurs'd ;
To fall, and grind them into duſt.

13 As for the righteous, they ſhall go
Where living pleaſures ever flow ;
And him, who thus their heads did raiſe,
Forever and forever praiſe.

HYMN

HYMN LVI.

INSOLVENCY.

I am thine, ſave me. Pſa. cxix. 94.

3 GOD of univerſal nature;
Friend of Adam's guilty race:
I, thy poor inſolvent debtor
Caſt myſelf upon thy grace.
Proſtrate at thy footſtool view me,
Frail inhabitant of clay:
Here let juſtice not purſue me,
Nor thy mercy turn away.

2 'Twas thy will gave me exiſtence;
All my bliſs is in thy ſmiles:
And tho' ſin creates a diſtance,
Chriſt my ſurety reconciles.
Take, Oh take thy double debtor,
Thine by nature, thine by grace:
Lord, myſelf (I have nought better)
I ſurrender to thy praiſe.

HYMN LVII.

SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

In that he himself has ſuffered, being tempted, he is able to ſuccour them that are tempted, Heb. ii. 18.

1 PRINCE of pilgrims guide me (ſtranger)
Thro' this dreary vale of tears;
Guard me (weak) from ev'ry danger;
Save me from perplexing fears.
'Tis thy joy to ſhield the tempted.
All their griefs thou know'ſt full well:
Thou from grief waſt not exempted,
When thou didſt amongſt us dwell.

2 Lord thou once didſt tread this valley,
And unnumber'd evils met;
What diſtreſs beſet thee daily!
Saviour thou canſt not forget.
Whence was this, but to releaſe us,
Who the ſame ſhould undergo?
Yes, our ſympathizing Jeſus
Bears his part in all our woe.

3 There

3 There is not the ſmalleſt trouble,
Hath, or ſhall to us be giv'n;
But our Saviour bears it double,
Once earth, and now in heav'n.
Then no longer doubt his power,
And his love as little doubt;
He in ev'ry trying hour,
Saves while in—or leads us out.

4 Yet awhile and we ſhall enter
Where our great Forerunner's gone:
Fixt on him our only centre;
Ev'ry ſtorm now overblown:
There we'll ſit and ſing ſecurely,
Freed from ev'ry anxious care;
And confeſs his conduct purely,
Fought our way, and brought us there.

HYMN LVIII.

The ſame in different metre.

1 VOUCHSAFE kind Prince of Pilgrims
To guide a helpleſs ſtranger:
O guard thou me,
And ſet me free
From ev'ry threat'ning danger. I come

2 I come to thee dear Saviour—
The ſorrows of the tempted
'Cauſe thou doſt know;
For when below
Thyſelf waſt not exempted.

3 Lord well thou doſt remember,
How once in Baca's valley,
Thou waſt diſtreſt,
And had'ſt no reſt,
But cares and ſorrows daily.

4 Whence was this condeſcenſion,
But from them to releaſe us?
Ye ſaints then lo,
In all your woe
Partakes your dying Jeſus!

5 To grieve you he delights not,
He weighs your ev'ry trouble;
His bowels move,
Below, above;
Himſelf ſtill feels it double.

6 Then ceaſe your baſe diſtruſting,
Nor doubt his loving power;
He'll help to bear,
Or ſet you clear
From every trying hour.

7 E'er long with him our Leader
Triumphant we ſhall enter;
Then every blaſt
For ever paſt,
And fix'd on him our centre.

8 Of every fear diveſted,
We there ſhall ſing ſecurely;
His conduct bleſs,
And ſtill confeſs
We came there by it purely.

HYMN LIX.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

Talk ye of all his wond'rous works. 1 Chron. xvi. 9.

1 COME ye happy choſen race,
Subjects of peculiar grace;
Let us join our grateful ſongs:
To our God all praiſe belongs.

Wond'rous

Wond'rous is his love to us,
Let us ever praise him thus.

2 'Twas the Father's sov'reign love
Sent the Saviour from above;
That his mercy he might shew,
And yet honour justice too:
He a Surety found for us,
Let us ever praise him thus.

3 Jesus left his Father's side,
Took our flesh, obey'd and dy'd;
Fought our foes, and when he fell,
Vanquish'd sin, and death, and hell!
He has purchas'd heav'n for us,
Let us ever praise him thus.

4 'Tis the Spirit's influence
Ev'ry blessing does dispense;
Who the Father's love reveals,
And the Son's redemption seals:
He all grace imparts to us,
Let us ever praise him thus.

5 Father

5 Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
Him who pitied ſinners loſt:
Us did chooſe, redeem and call,
God of gods, and all in all!
Let us ever to him raiſe
Equal honour, thanks and praiſe.

HYMN LX.

PRAISE IS PLEASANT.

It is a good thing to ſing praiſes unto our God, &c.
Pſa. cxlvii. 1.

1 HOW pleaſant to ſing,
The praiſe of our King!
To publiſh abroad
The love of our God!
Dear chriſtians for ever
To you it belongs:
Howe'er elſe you differ,
Unite in your ſongs.

2 Shall praiſe be deny'd
To Jeſus who dy'd?
He bore all your woes,
All good things beſtows:

Does any exceed him
In perſon or ways?
Are any beſide him
Deſerving your praiſe?

3 His name to repeat,
What muſic ſo ſweet?
His love to declare,
We ſure may compare
To ointment diffuſed
All over the room:
The more it is uſed,
The more 'twill perfume.

4 Come chriſtians and join
In work ſo divine;
Your Saviour extol;
O praiſe him my ſoul!
Sure none are receiving
More from him than I;
His would I be living,
And his would I die.

HYMN LXI.

GOD IN CHRIST.

The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 ALMIGHTY Potentate on high,
How shall I think of thee!
Is it for such a worm as I
To scan immensity!

2 How far remote from my dull sight
Doth my Creator dwell:
Wrapt in a veil of dazzling light,
And unapproachable!

3 Thy lowest works surmount my reach,
They baffle all my skill:
Then to these heavens what thought can stretch
Or heavens more lofty still.

4 Yet Thou by earth, and all the skies
But slightly art reveal'd:
Should myriads more of worlds arise,
Still Thou art but concealed!

5 But there is one whose gentle face*
Collects thy full-orb'd rays;
There I thy best perfections trace,
He best reflects thy praise.

6 'Tis Jesus, human yet divine,
Thy greatness, goodness proves;
In him thy brightest glories shine,
In him thy sweetest loves.

7 In ev'ry creature something fresh
Of God I daily find;
But in the temple of his flesh
The Godhead is enshrin'd.‖

8 Here will I prostrate and adore
Nor dares an angel blame,
Him will I worship evermore,
For angels do the same.†

* 2 Cor. iv. 6. ‖ Col. ii. 9. † Heb. i. 6.

HYMN LXII.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST,

Emmanuel.—God with us, Mat. 1. 23.

1 HAIL, wish'd-for period, sacred morn!
Lo, angels sing the Saviour's born!
Swell, mortals swell the heavenly lay;
Jesus is born for *us* to day.

2 O the best tidings ever heard;
The Lord of heav'n in flesh appear'd!
O greatest myst'ry ever known;
The eternal God's a virgin's son!

3 O depth of pity, height of love,
That brought our Maker from above!
And veil'd in feeble infancy,
Th' almighty Pow'r that fram'd the sky.

4 Hail Bethlehem's Babe, hail great I AM,
While born on earth, in heav'n supreme:
Heav'n shall with earth in one unite,
To sing thy weakness, and thy might.

5 Hail

5 Hail honour'd Mary's virgin womb,
In which our God did flesh assume!
Hail happy souls o'er all the earth,
Where Jesus forms his heav'nly birth!

HYMN LXIII.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery; blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day. Psa. lxxxi. 2, 3.

1 CHRISTIANS of every name assist,
Your utmost efforts bring,
To hail the birth of Jesus Christ;
The entrance of your King.

2 Drop all dispute, seize seize your parts,
Your noblest pow'rs employ;
Bring your best member, bring your hearts,
Fill up the gen'ral joy.

3 Heralds of God in bright array,
And ready order stand:
'Tis yours to give the lofty key,
To lead the tuneful band.

4 Set

4 Set the ſhrill Trumpet to your mouth,
And blow a chearful blaſt,
Shake heav'n and earth from north to ſouth,
The Saviour's born at laſt.

5 New flaming converts hither bring
Your briſk extatic Lyre:
Sweep, ſweep the ſprightly bounding ſtring,
And let looſe all your fire.

6 Grave ſires, profound by trials grown,
Subjoin your deep accord:
Praiſe on the Sackbut's ſolemn tone
Your ever faithful Lord.

7 Ye plaintive ſaints, like lonely ſwains,
The penſive Flute you claim:
Breath your ſoft ſolitary ſtrains
To Jeſu's balmy name.

8 Ye ſocial flocks on you it lies
The Chorus to ſupply:
Into one body organize,
And pour rich harmony.

9 Let

9 Let ev'ry name, and ev'ry age,
The feeble and the ſtrong,
With all their ſkill and pow'r engage
To ſwell the lofty ſong.

10 Glory to God on high ſly round
Earth's favour'd globe, and then
Heavn's echoing concave ſhall reſound
Peace and good will to men.

HYMN LXIV.

DOUBT FORBIDDEN.

Wherefore didſt thou doubt? Mat. xiv. 31.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with foes,
And fears all within;
Perplexed with woes,
And peſter'd with ſin;
God's countenance hidden,
All comfort ſhut out:
'Tho' doubt be forbidden,
How can I but doubt?

2 My

2 My foes, oh how ſtrong,
And ſubtle withal!
The conflict is long,
My ſtrength is but ſmall—
My Captain's almighty,
Thoſe foes he will rout;
Und'r his banner fight I,
Then why ſhould I doubt?

3 A ſinner I am,
Expos'd to the curſe,
With guilt and with ſhame;
Sure none can be worſe!
Yet Chriſt can reſtore me,
And ſave me throughout;
He gave himſelf for me,
Then why ſhould I doubt?

4 My way is all dark;
My God is withdrawn;
And I from the mark
To wander am prone—

Divine truth has ſpoke it,
He'll bring me ſafe out;
His word he ne'er broke yet,
Then why ſhould I doubt?

5 With ſharpeſt diſtreſs
My Lord does me prove;
Yet trials of grace
Are marks of his love.
His rod let me rev'rence;
For he'll bring about
A happy deliverance,
O let me not doubt!

6 Soon, ſoon ſhall my foes
Without and within,
All weakneſs and woes,
All ign'rance and ſin,
Be baniſh'd for ever;
And then I ſhall ſhout
Full vict'ry, and never,
No never more doubt.

HYMN LXV.

FREE GRACE.

It is of faith, that it might be by grace. Rom. iv. 16.

1 THE Lord declares he'll caſt out none,
Who come to him thro' Chriſt his Son:
Yet Jeſus ſaith that only thoſe
Can come, whom God his Father draws.

2 To faith in Chriſt a right is giv'n,
Of ev'ry grace that leads to heav'n:
But yet we read, faith is no leſs
God's gift than ev'ry other grace.

3 Thoſe only can to heav'n aſcend,
Who perſevere unto the end:
Yet God does every where declare,
'Tis by *his* ſtrength we perſevere.

4 Thus does the ſov'reign Lord provide
Such means as ſtain all human pride;
Yet no diſcouragement will give
To ſuch as only *wiſh* to live.

HYMN LXVI.

THE STRAIT GATE.

Enter ye in at the ſtrait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to deſtruction.

Mat. vii. 14.

1 STRAIT's the gate that leads to heaven;
And the road fix'd by God,
Rugged and uneven.

2 Few there are that care to venture:
Few alas ſeek to paſs;
Fewer yet that enter.

4 But the num'rous ways deſcending
Down to hell, how they ſwell!
Thouſands thither tending.

4 Moſt with fatal indiſcretion
Poſt along, right or wrong;
Laugh at all profeſſion.

5 Some of being true believers
Fondly talk, while their walk
Prove them but deceivers.

6 Others

6 Others hate the word [believing]
Heaven fain they would gain
By their decent living.

7 Thus the gorge of hell is filling,
Both by luſt, and by truſt
In a faith that's killing.

8 Yet God's own of ev'ry nation,
Ever hath that true faith,
Which attends ſalvation.

9 Theſe muſt with their ſuff'ring Maſter
Undergo daily woe,
Trouble and diſaſter.

10 Chriſtians you muſt taſte the bitter:
'Tis but meet, that the ſweet
May be made the ſweeter.

11 Here the Saviour went before ye:
'Tis the road, Jeſus trod
To eternal glory.

12 Envy not the ſons of laughter:
We deſpiſe all their joys,
For a bleſt hereafter.

13 Let them boaſt their airy Something—
Jeſus join us with thine,
Trying and triumphing.

HYMN LXVII.

RELIGION.

To know the love of Chriſt, which paſſeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulneſs of God. Eph. iii. 19.

1 RELIGION ſource of boundleſs joy,
And pleaſures that can never cloy;
Filling the ſoul's immenſe deſires,
Yet wiſhes ever new inſpires.
Hail happy happy piety,
Inſatiable ſatiety!

2 Pure are thy precepts, ſweet thy force;
Love is thy ſum, and love thy ſource:
Springing from God's eternal throne,
And leading back to him alone.
Hail happy happy piety,
Inſatiable ſatiety!

3 O when ſhall I thy pleaſures know,
Which, ever perfect, ever grow;
Fill'd with love's all-ſufficing ſtore,
Yet ever thirſting after more.
Hail happy happy piety,
Inſatiable ſatiety!

HYMN LXVIII.

EXULTATION.

The Lord reigneth. Pſa. xcvii. 1.

1 SHOUT aloud, and let your joys
Mount aloft and ſhake the ſkies:
Jeſus reigns, be that your ſong;
And to Jeſus we belong.

2 Jeſus reigns, what need we fear?
Jeſus reigns, dry ev'ry tear;
Jeſus reigns, tell angels ſo;
Jeſus reigns, he reigns below.

3 Thus repeat the gladſome ſound,
Conſtant as the days roll round,
'Till with him we're call'd to reign;
Then reſume the ſong again.

HYMN LXIX.

CHIDING MY FOLLY.

I will go and return to my first husband, for then it was better with me than now. Hos. ii. 7.

1 ASTRAY from Christ thy only friend,
Ah foolish soul no longer rove:
When will thy wand'rings have an end,
And thou return to thy first Love?

2 Can aught such happiness afford,
As in his favour thou hast found?
Is he not thy all-rightful Lord?
Does not his kindness still abound?

3 Objects of sense may promise fair,
And boast the mighty joys they'll bring:
Possess'd, they prove delusive air;
A phantom ever; oft a sting.

4 Uncertain is the world, and cross;
Courted by numbers, gain'd by few:
Or gain'd, too oft the gain is loss,
And does her votaries undo.

Oft

5 Oft has her frowns deserv'd thy scorn,
Oft has her smiles thy hopes deceiv'd:
Why should her insults yet be borne?
Why should her promise be believ'd?

6 Return, return my soul at last;
Let Christ without a rival reign—
And O my Lord, forgive the past,
And never let me rove again!

HYMN LXX.

THE BIBLE.

The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver. Psa. cxix. 72.

1 PRECIOUS Bible, how I love
Thy divine contents to prove!
Here I can securely rest;
Thou canst make me wise and blest.

2 Best of books! in thee I find
All things to instruct my mind:
Comfort in affliction's hour,
And o'er death a sov'reign pow'r.

3 Who would rob me of this book,
Better far my life had took:
All earth's treasures rich, immense,
Could not make me recompense!

4 Let the witlings of the age,
Ridicule the sacred page:
Bind the Bible to my heart;
Never with it let me part.

HYMN LXXI.

A FRIEND INDEED!

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
Prov. xviii. 24.

1 THO' thousands of foes
Beset me around;
What care I for those?
A Friend I have found
More kind than a brother;
More strong than an host:
There's not such another;
In him will I trust.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis Jesus my God,
Supreme of the skies;
Who left his abode,
And lo, for me dies!
A Friend to the friendless,
For puissance renown'd;
Whose love is as endless,
As 'tis without bound.

3 If e'er I'm distrest,
To Jesus I flee:
And when I am blest,
My blessing is he.
In doubt my direction;
For grief an alloy:
He halves my affliction,
But doubles my joy.

4 Ah, when face to face
My Friend shall I meet?
In that happiest place,
To dwell near his seat;

Where angels before him
Glad homage approve:
And I shall adore him,
And sing of his love.

HYMN LXXII.

HEAVEN.

I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.

Psa. xvii. 15.

1 WHEN, O my God, shall I attain
That holiest, happiest place?
Where I my utmost bliss shall gain,
In gazing on thy face.

2 Where thou my vast desires shalt fill,
And I no more repine;
But my submiss, unbiass'd will
Run parallel with thine.

3 Where I no grief in mind shall know,
Nor in my body pain;
But joy thro' ev'ry thought shall flow,
And health thro' ev'ry vein.

4 Where

4 Where knowledge ſhall be clear and ſtrong,
And truth ſhall ſhine ſo bright;
I cannot err by what is wrong,
Nor doubt of what is right.

5 Where love ſhall govern all my heart;
Praiſe ev'ry pow'r employ:
Where pleaſure never ſhall depart;
Enjoyment never cloy.

6 Where evil ſhall no more be known,
Good ſhall unmixed be:
Where thou, my God, ſhalt be my own,
And I be loſt in thee.

HYMN LXXIII.

THE ATHEIST CONFUTED.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered.
Pſa. cxi. 4.

1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign, gracious God!
Shall I attempt thy praiſe?
Not more ſublime is thine abode,
Than marvellous thy ways.

2 Thy

2 Thy grandeur ſtrikes my wond'ring eyes,
Where'er I roll them round:
Or upwards to the vaulted ſkies,
Or downwards to the ground.

3 Nor leſs thy goodneſs does appear
Diffus'd thro' great and ſmall:
Thy pow'r in *thoſe*, in *theſe* thy care;
Thy wiſdom in them *all*.

4 Or heav'n, or earth, or ſea, or air,
Intelligent, or brute;
A reigning Deity declare,
And infidels confute.

5 Fools! muſt be made of ſtubborn ſteel,
Who taſte their daily food,
Or ſee the ſun, its influence feel;*
And yet deny a God.

6 A God

* There is nothing hid from the heat thereof, Pſa. xix. 9.—Should an atheiſt be poſſeſt of no other ſenſe than that of feeling, he would be inexcuſable.

6 A God who robes himſelf in light,
Or in thick darkneſs vails;
And to confound dull atheiſts quite,
Their ev'ry ſenſe aſſails.

7 My gracious God, while theſe ſupine
On nature's volume gaze:
Write thy more perfect law within,
And I ſhall read and praiſe.

HYMN LXXIV.

TRUE REST.

There the weary are at reſt. Job. iii. 17.

1 THE man that hopes for reſt below,
Will ſure himſelf deceive:
This changing world no reſt doth know,
Then reſt how can it give?

2 The earth itſelf's a rolling ball:
And what are all its joys,
But fleeting ſmoke? and what are all
Its riches?—ſplendid toys!

3 Its honours too, what gaudy trash,
Which scarce a moment please?
How foolish then that man, and rash,
Who hopes for rest in these!

4 I've try'd the whole circumf'rence round,
The giddy circle trac'd;
At length true rest alone I've found,
Is in the centre plac'd.

5 Christ is my centre, heav'n the place
Whither my soul would flee:
When shall I end this fruitless chase,
And rest dear Lord in thee?

HYMN LXXV.

THE BLEST EXCHANGE.

Ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turn'd into joy. John xvi. xx.

1 COME all ye saints,
It well becomes you to unite in praise:
Drop your complaints,
And your glad songs in holy triumph raise.

2 What

2 What tho' you feel
A thouſand thouſand evils ev'ry day :
It ſhall be well ;
Dry up your ſorrows, caſt your fears away.

3 Poor and deſpiſ'd ;
The ſcoff of atheiſts, and the drunkard's ſong :
You will be raiſ'd
To thrones of honour, crowns of joy e'er long.

4 Sorrow and ſhame
Your Lord endur'd, of ev'ry joy deni'd ;
But he o'ercame,
And now behold him at his Father's ſide !

5 There now he reigns ;
And governs all things, and will you defend :
Even your pains,
Shall but enhance your pleaſures in the end.

6 Come then ye ſaints ;
Tho' now expos'd to ills of ev'ry kind :
Drop your complaints ;
For nobler joys above, you are deſign'd.

HYMN LXXVI.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

And daily ſhall he be praiſed. Pſa. lxxii. 15.

1 TO Chriſt my ſong I'll raiſe,
My ſweeteſt notes I'll bring;
Wake ev'ry vocal pipe to praiſe,
And ev'ry tuneful ſtring.

2 To Chriſt the Son of God,
Who heav'n's high throne forſook;
Came down from his ſublime abode,
And my frail nature took.

3 To Chriſt whoſe death alone,
Life for my ſoul procur'd;
Who freely laid my ranſom down,
My puniſhment endur'd.

4 To Chriſt who intercedes
With my offended God;
My advocate, who for me pleads
The merit of his blood.

5 To

5 To Chriſt who taught me too
This matchleſs love to know;
And by his own example drew
The path that I ſhould go.

6 To Chriſt who rules my heart
By his ſweet law of love.
To Chriſt who never will depart,
'Till I am ſafe above.

7 There ev'ry pow'r I'll raiſe,
To Chriſt my gracious King:
And in new ſongs his glorious praiſe,
For ever ever ſing.

HYMN LXXVII.

SPIRITUAL JOY.

Rejoice, and again I ſay unto you rejoice. Phil. iv. 4.

1 COME all who belong
To that happy throng,
Who love the Redeemer, unite in a ſong.

2 Caſt, caſt off your fear,
Your ſcruples and care:
Sure thoſe ſhould be merry who Jeſus revere.

3 Shall men celebrate
Their heroes ſo great,
Who conquer their foes, and deliver the ſtate?

4 Sure we have more cauſe
To render applauſe,
To him who redeem'd us from infinite woes.

5 Their friends do they toaſt,
And fellowſhip boaſt?
Our fellowſhip is with the heavenly hoſt.

6 Or does love incline,
And fruit of the vine?
Our love is the nobleſt, and we've the beſt wine.

7 We'll drink the rich bliſs,
Nor fear of exceſs:
Our God is no niggard, our ſtore grows no leſs.

8 Ours is the beſt cheer;
No ſurfeit we fear:
Inſatiate enjoyment is temperance here.

9 Then

6 Then lift up your head;
Nor let it be faid
That we have no happineſs 'till we are dead.

10 But let the world know,
Our pleaſures below
Exceed theirs by far, and to greater we go.

HYMN LXXVIII.

INCONSTANCY.

My harp is turned into mourning. Job. xxx. 31.

1 HOW tranſient are the ſongs I raiſe
In this imperfect ſtate;
My love how cold, how dull my praiſe,
How ſoon my joys abate!

2 But now! and lo my raptur'd ſoul
On full-ſtretch'd pinions ſoar'd!
Fervent my love, my joy was full,
And Jeſus I ador'd.

3 I far outſtripp'd the eagle's flight,
And aim'd th' eternal throne:
Earth was diminiſh'd to my ſight,
And heav'n ſeem'd all my own.

4 But ah, how quickly chang'd the ſcene;
The pleaſing rapture dies!
Thick clouds of darkneſs roll between,
And I have loſt the ſkies.

5 Now like the ſlow, the ſluggiſh ſnail
I drag along my load:
My fooliſh confidence bewail;
Bewail an abſent God.

6 When ſhall I drop this cumb'rous clay,
This priſon of my ſoul;
And ſtretch my wings and ſoar away
Where ſin nor ſenſe control?

7 Then o'er the blifsful realms above
My raptur'd ſoul ſhall range;
Find boundleſs joy, and perfect love,
Which never, never change.

HYMN

HYMN LXXIX.

THE DOOR OF MERCY

To him that knocketh it ſhall be opened. Mat. vii. 8.

1 TO mercy's kind door
We beggars are come ;
Would knock it once more,
But fear to preſume.
Tho' great are our troubles,
And cover'd with ſin ;
Our doubts and our ſcruples
Won't let us go in.

2 But why ſhould we doubt
A welcome to find ?
Was e'er one caſt out,
Who came with this mind;
That if he muſt periſh,
Should be at Chriſt s feet ?
No, no ſuch he'll cheriſh,
And tenderly treat.

3 The rich and the vain,
Who bring their proud plea
His grace to obtain,
Go empty away:
But those who are needy,
And come to be fed;
Have still found him ready
To deal out his bread.

4 How needy are we,
And helpless and bare!
No friend can we see,
No refuge elsewhere!
Thou only can bless us,
Dear Jesus we own;
And lo our distresses
Are all to thee known.

5 Thy Spirit send down,
To teach us true pray'r;
A sigh or a groan
From him thou canst hear:

And while we're addreſſing
The footſtool of grace;
To us be the bleſſing,
And take thou the praiſe.

HYMN LXXX.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

The Lord is thy keeper. Pſa. cxxi. 5.

1 KEEP, O keep us mighty Saviour;
Keep us by thy loving favour;
Keep us thro' this deſert dreary;
Keep us when we're weak and weary.

2 Keep us in affliction's furnace;
Keep us leaſt proſperity turn us;
Keep us from preſumptious daring;
Keep us ever from deſpairing.

3 Keep us in the dying hour;
Keep us from the tempter's power;
Keep us and forſake us never;
Keep, O keep us thine for ever.

HYMN LXXXI.

PARDON AND PURITY.

And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure. 1 John iii. 3.

1 IN vain do looſe profeſſors talk
Of pard'ning grace and love!
'Tis holineſs of heart and walk,
In thoſe our int'reſt prove.

2 Where'er the Saviour's blood has giv'n
A right to heav'nly joy:
His Spirit will make meet for heav'n,
And ſin's vile pow'r deſtroy.

3 Sure, whom God loves, muſt love him too,
Whate'er God hates, muſt hate;
Whate'er Chriſt bids, delight to do,
His life to imitate.

4 Was not the rich atoning blood,
That flow'd from his dear veins,
Mix'd with a ſacred wat'ry flood,
To waſh away our ſtains?

A beauteous

5 A beauteous emblem this, we deem,
Of ev'ry chriſtian's ſtate:
The pard'ning and the cleanſing ſtream,
He will not ſeparate.

HYMN LXXXII.

GOD ALL-SUFFICIENT.

Whether we live or die we are the Lord's. Rom. xiv. 8.

1 GOD is the life of all my joys,
And joy of all my life:
Without him *thoſe* were empty toys,
This were a fruitleſs ſtrife.

2 God is my hope when ſorrows preſs,
And ſorrows try my hope:
From *theſe* in him I find redreſs,
And *that* ſtill bears me up.

3 God is my portion when I die,
By death I *that* poſſeſs.
In joy or ſorrow bleſt am I;
In life or death no leſs.

HYMN LXXXIII.

CHRIST THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

John xiv. 6.

1 CHRIST is the way in which I'm led,
And leader in this way :
In it directs me were to tread,
Nor from it lets me ſtray.

2 Chriſt is the truth which I am taught,
And teacher of this truth :
'Twas he my ſoul from error brought,
And taught me from my youth.

3 Chriſt is the life that quickens me,
And giver of this life :
'Tis he ſupports me day by day,
To paſs thro' this world's ſtrife.

4 Is Chriſt my way to God from ſin,
The truth to make it known,
And gives me life to walk therein ?
Then be the praiſe his own.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXIV.

AHAB AND JEHOSHAPHAT.

1 Kings xxii. 29--34.

1 WHEN God his purpos'd judgment ſends,
Or benefits beſtows:
He wants not means to help his friends.
Or to confound his foes.

2 Ahab, that proud rebellious king,
Whom God had often ſpar'd:
As oft on God contempt did fling,
Yet he at laſt was ſnar'd.

3 For lo, to battle he muſt needs—
By flatterers abus'd:
Yet his miſgiving conſcience dreads;
And he great caution us'd.

4 To ſcreen himſelf, this worſt * of kings
Jehoſhaphat beguil'd.
But he, who over-rules all things,
His crafty purpoſe foil'd.

5 Jehoſhaphat

* 1 Kings xxi. 25.

5 Jehoſhaphat (not over wiſe,
Altho' the Lord he fear'd)
Got into danger, but he cries,
And lo his cries are heard !

6 A certain man (no matter who,
'Twas Ahab's death God meant)
Unwittingly his bow he drew,
But God the arrow ſent.

7 Thro' the tight mail it found its way,
The wicked king is ſlain ;
No more God's will to diſobey,
Or vex his ſaints again.

8 Sinners, howe'er ſecure you grow,
In ſin however ſtout ;
Thro' all your falſe diſguiſes, know
Your ſin will find you out.

9 While thoſe who truly fear the Lord,
Are ſometimes led aſtray :
Yet upright men ſhall be reſtor'd
And ſtill hold on their way.

HYMN LXXXV.

AHAB'S DEATH SPIRITUALIZED.

A certain man drew a bow at a venture, &c.

1 Kings xxii. 34.

1 A certain man! perhaps by him
A faithful preacher's ſhown:
But mean oft in the world's eſteem,
And more ſo in his own.

2 Lo, in ſimplicity he bends
The goſpel's wond'rous bow!
But grace the deſtin'd arrow ſends,
And ſtrikes the fatal blow.

3 Wrapp'd in diſguiſe and dreſs'd in ſteel,
What tho' the ſinner's heart?
Yet God can quickly make him feel,
Conviction's pungent ſmart.

4 Then crouds no more amuſe his grief,
Or hoſts of pleaſure pleaſe;
Nor yield his wounded ſoul relief,
His bleeding conſcience eaſe.

5 Sick

5 Sick of the world's confuſed noiſe,
He flies all ſcenes of ſtrife:
On death his ſerious thought employs,
The gate of endleſs life.

6 His will (that furious charioteer
That drove him on to ſin)
Muſt now commence a new career,
The crown of life to win.

7 Thus while this hiſt'ry we've appli'd,
Inſtruction to impart:
May God the random arrow guide,
To ſome proud ſinner's heart.

HYMN LXXXVI.

DEATH IN THE POT.

2 Kings iv. 38-41.

1 LET profligates boaſt
What joy ſin affords:
Their pleaſures at moſt,
Are only wild gourds.

With

With all your vain bluſter,
We envy you not:
Your bleſſings are curſt, for
You've death in the pot.

2 Sly hypocrites too,
Who ſecretly ſin;
Fair outſides you ſhew,
Wild gourds are within:
When death ſhall arreſt you,
Your hopes will all rot;
And now at the beſt, you
Have death in the pot.

3 And thoſe who profeſs
Religion in form;
Shred gourds in your meſs,
And think it no harm:
In forms while you're reſting,
Nor cold are nor hot;
You can have no bleſſing:
There's death in the pot.

4 Ye chriſtians ſincere,
Whoſe conduct accords;
Tho' ſometimes you fear,
You've many wild gourds:
Yet where'er God's fear is,
The true meal you've got;
Then fear not, for there is
No harm in the pot.

HYMN LXXXVII.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON, *Judge* vii. 20.

1 WHEN Iſrael rebell'd, did Midian prevail;
And Gideon was call'd from wielding [the flail,
His army three hundred *brave* men, to ſtand by,
And the ſword of the Lord and of Gideon to [cry.

2 With pitchers, and lamps, and trumpets, theſe [three—
We ſeldom ſuch camps of ſoldiers ſhall ſee!
Yet lo with theſe weapons they made their foes [fly;
While the ſword of the Lord and of Gideon [they cry.

3 'Twas

3 'Twas dead of the night, when theſe choſen few
Advanc'd to the fight: the trumpets they blew,
The pitchers they break, and the lamps they
[lift high:
Then the ſword of the Lord and of Gideon
[they cry.

4 The Midianites fled, bold Iſrael purſu'd;
Sad havock they made, their foes they ſubdu'd.
Midian never more dared Gods hoſt to defy:
While the ſword of the Lord and of Gideon
[they cry.

5 Then let us take care we truſt to the right;
Not weapons of war, or numbers or might:
In every diſtreſs 'tis our ſtrength to ſtand by,
And the ſword of the Lord and his Servant to
[cry.

6 Tho' foes may ſurround in dreadful array,
The goſpel's ſweet ſound will fright them away:
Let the light ſhine reſplendent, the frail fleſh
[deny,
And the ſword of the Lord and his Servant ſtill
[cry.

7 Ye heralds who ſtand the goſpel to ſpread,
At God's great command, no enemy dread,
Nor mind the frail pitchers; but lift your voice [high,
And the ſword of the Lord let his Servants ſtill cry.

8 Nor only declaim, but let your light ſhine:
May all do the ſame, whoſe hearts with you join
To reſcue God's Iſrael, his glory raiſe high,
And the ſword of the Lord and his Servants [we'll cry.

9 At midnight 'tis ſaid the trumpet will ſound;
Bright lightnings will ſpread like lamps all [around;
This world like a pitcher to pieces will fly:
And the ſword of the Lord the Archangel will [cry!

10 Not natures loud craſh, nor death need we fear;
The pitchers he'll daſh that the lamps may [ſhine clear.
The trumpet of vict'ry we'll ſound while we die;
And the ſword of the Lord and his Chriſt ever [cry.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXVIII.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

All thy works praiſe thee, O Lord. Pſa cxlv. 10.

1 NATURE thro' all her works declares
The God ſupreme that gave them birth:
On high ten thouſand glitt'ring ſtars,
Ten thouſand beauteous forms on earth.

2 The ſun with his all-pow'rful rays,
Proclaims a Pow'r ſuperior far;
The feebler moon reflects his praiſe;
And he's reveal'd by ev'ry ſtar.

3 Each drop* of liquid, throng'd with life;
Each particle that forms the clod;
The ſpacious plain, the tow'ring cliff,
Confeſs an all-creative God.

4 Revolving

* A drop of water, no bigger than an ordinary grain of ſand, has been known to contain not leſs than a million of living creatures.

4 Revolving ſeaſons ſtill bring round
His varied goodneſs hour by hour;
And the vex'd elements abound,
With awful tokens of his pow'r.

5 Th' huge elephant and puny mite,
Contend which moſt may prove his ſkill
And beauteous flow'rs and fruits unite
To ſhew his rich indulgence ſtill.

6 Birds fill the air with grateful ſounds;
And beaſts his lib'ral hand confeſs;
While the mute fiſh in ſprightlieſt bounds,
Like gratitude would fain expreſs.

7 Plants, humble ſhrubs and lofty trees,
To him their leafy honours bring;
And bend and bow with ev'ry breeze
In low obeiſance to their King.

Second Part.

8 ALL heav'n, and earth, and hell no leſs
In one united chorus join;
God's love or vengeance to confeſs
And prove his pow'r is all divine.

9 In

9 In heav'n exalted accents riſe,
While earth the medium parts doth bear,
And hell reluctantly ſupplies
The ſolemn baſs of deep deſpair.

10 Shall man alone his voice refuſe,
With reas'ning faculties endow'd?
Or thoſe ſame faculties abuſe
To reaſon againſt nature's God?

11 O thou inſulted majeſty!
Reſentment fires my very ſoul;
Why don't vindictive light'nings fly,
To blaſt the atheiſtic fool?

12 But thou art good as thou art great,
And merciful as well as juſt:
And haſt reſerv'd a day to treat
With daring rebels of the duſt.

13 Then will ſaints find a God of love;
Creation's Lord their deareſt Friend:
And him they fear'd below, above
Shall be their portion without end.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXIX.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Bleſſed is the people that know the joyful ſound;
Pſa. lxxxix. 15.

1 THE goſpel's joyful ſound
Has reach'd our favour'd iſle;
Here does rich means of grace abound,
And heav'nly mercy ſmile.

2 O let us all rejoice
In this abundant grace;
Incline our ear to Wiſdom's voice,
And all her truths embrace.

3 Come all who ſtrangers are
To Chriſt and happineſs;
To his appointed means draw near,
'Till he your ſouls ſhall bleſs.

4 And you who Chriſt eſteem;
Having in him believ'd:
In all things grow up into him,
And walk as you receiv'd.

5 Almighty

5 Almighty Saviour crown
Thy gospel with success:
Send thine all-quick'ning Spirit down;
Thine all-sufficient grace.

HYMN XC.

GOD A REFUGE.

I flee unto thee to hide me. Psa. cxliii. 9.

1 FATHER of mercies look on me,
An helpless child of dust:
Whither, ah whither can I flee;
On thee is all my trust.

2 From all my foes, from all my fears
Defend me O my God:
Regard a wretched sinner's tears;
Regard a Saviour's blood.

3 I flee to thee on all alarms,
And in thy bosom hide:
Safe in a God's almighty arms;
A Saviour's wounded side.

HYMN XCI.

THE BOLD BEGGAR.

Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.
John xvi. 24.

1 MOST gracious Saviour me behold,
All-worthless tho' I be:
I am a Beggar poor, but bold;
Yet not too bold for thee.

2 For O my Lord hast thou not said,
Ask and ye shall receive?
And wilt thou ever those upbraid
Who dare thy word believe?

3 None need thy blessings *more* than I,
Yet none deserve them *less*;
My num'rous sins I can't deny,
Nor plead my righteousness.

4 I ask not pow'r or greatness Lord,
I ask not wealth or fame;
Nor pleasures vain, earth may afford,
Would I so much as name.

5 'Tis

5 'Tis thou thyſelf, 'tis thou alone
My boundleſs wiſh canſt fill:
Were all things elſe but thee mine own
I ſhould be wretched ſtill.

6 O ſatiate thou my vaſt deſire;
'Tis thy whole ſelf I crave:
Nought *leſs* than this would I require,
Nought *greater* can I have.

7 Permit me then my God to call
Thee, and thy fulneſs mine;
And I'll devote my ſelf, my all
To be for ever thine.

HYMN XCII.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John x. 1—16.

1 A SHEPHERD we have
Whoſe flock is his own;
Not like the hir'd knave,
Or indolent drone:

He ſtill goes before them
When dangers draw near;
He gave himſelf for them;
To him they are dear.

2 He knows all his ſheep;
His voice they obey;
He does them ſafe keep
By night and by day;
His flock in green paſtures
He ever more feeds;
Defends from diſaſters;
Supplies all their needs.

3 The Father did give
Theſe ſheep to his Son;
And none ſhall deprive
Him, ever of one:
The Father's almighty,
His power well ſecures.
The Son will ne'er ſlight ye,
His love ſtill endures.

4 Our Shepherd is gone
A fold to provide;
And thither anon
His own he will guide,
Where gentile with jew ſhall
Unite in the ſkies;
And ever ſtrive who ſhall
Their Shepherd moſt praiſe.

HYMN XCIII.

FAITH AN EVIDENCE.

Faith is the evidence of things not ſeen. Heb. xi. 1.

1 FAITH realizes abſent things,
Where ſenſe and reaſon fail:
Self-evidence it with it brings,
And does o'er doubt prevail.

2 By Faith we own a Pow'r divine,
That's ſov'reign and ſupreme:
And worlds laid out with nice deſign
His handy-work we deem.

3 By-

3 By Faith we judge Him juſt and wiſe
His favour to impart ;
To all who do that favour prize,
And ſeek with all their heart.

4 By Faith we God's kind thoughts deſcry,
Which were e'er time began ;
And purpoſe that his Son ſhould die
To ſave rebellious man.

5 By Faith what Chriſt perform'd, ſhews clear
As light is in the ſun;
And all his wond'rous works appear
As in our preſence done.

6 By Faith that tragic ſcene we view,
On calv'ry's mournful hill :
His wounds e'en ſeem to bleed anew,
While we the anguiſh feel.

7 By Faith we trace each recent ſcar,
(Thoſe marks of love abide)
Where pierc'd the nails, and where the ſpear
Plung'd deep into his ſide.

8 By

8 By Faith we see him on the throne,
Our advocate on high.
By Faith we see him coming down
At the great judgment day.

9 By Faith we future worlds bring nigh:
And lo! by it we tell
What blessings saints in heav'n enjoy;
What sinners feel in hell.

10 Thus Faith brings distant things to view,
And hidden things to light;
Things that seem'd doubtful proves most true,
And all God's dealings right.

HYMN XCIV.

FAITH A SUBSTANCE.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for.
Heb. xi. 1.

1 FAITH does substantiate all those joys
Which hope would fain possess;
Destroys whate'er the soul destroys,
And brings in happiness.

2 By

2 By Faith discharge from sin we feel,
All guilt is done away:
Our present pardon Faith doth seal;
Faith keeps us day by day.

3 By Faith Christ dwells within our hearts,
There ev'ry pow'r controls,
And all his righteousness imparts
To justify our souls.

4 By Faith we holiness receive,
While we his beauties trace;
And from his graces we derive
All corresponding grace.

5 By Faith we sweet communion find
With all the saints above;
And with the saints on earth are join'd
By Faith in mutual love.

6 By Faith we antidate the crown
Laid up for us above;
And bring celestial blessings down,
And taste celestial love.

7 Thus

7 Thus Faith doth all our joys renew,
And quicken all our pow'rs:
And all that God has promiſed too,
Is by believing ours.

HYMN XCV.

The 23d Pſalm Paraphraſed.

1 GOD is my guardian and my guide;
What can I want or wiſh beſide?
All needful help to me he'll grant,
And he'll ſupply my ev'ry want.

2 Whene'er from him I go aſtray,
He brings me back to his right way:
When I am right he leads me on,
To make his love and glory known.

3 When thro' dark ſcenes of life I'm led,
Or death's declining valley tread:
He will ſupport, and he direct,
I can no evil then ſuſpect.

4 He all-ſufficient good beſtows
In ſight of all my envious foes;
And ev'ry true delight does ſhed
In rich abundance on my head.

5 Nor will he blot me from his heart,
Or in my pilgrimage deſert;
And when to his bleſt courts I ſoar,
I'll love and praiſe him evermore.

HYMN XCVI.

THE TALENT.

Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one, &c. Mat. xxv. 15.

1 A Talent you have
Conſign'd to your truſt,
And he who it gave,
Expects you'll be juſt:
This Talent is ſent, to
Improve for your Lord;
'Tis for a time lent you,
And muſt be reſtor'd!

2 Perhaps

2 Perhaps you have *five*,
Or *one* and no more;
Still you ſhould contrive
To double your ſtore:
Not underground place it,
There idly to ruſt;
Much leſs ſhould you waſte it,
Or ſpend on your luſt.

3 If riches abound,
Lay 't out on the poor;
No trade can be found
To profit you more:
'Tis treaſure in heaven,
'Tis lent to the Lord,
Good intereſt is given,
'Twill ſoon be reſtor'd.

4 If wiſdom you've got
In head or in heart;
To thoſe who have not
Be glad to impart:

Take light from a candle,
'Twill ſhine not the leſs:
If knowledge you handle
'Twill make it increaſe.

5 If honour you gain,
Authority get,
Or influence obtain
With thoſe who are great:
'Twill make you moſt bleſſed
The helpleſs to bleſs;
To guard the oppreſſed,
But ne'er to oppreſs.

6 With health are you bleſt,
Or ſtrength do you find,
Or are you poſſeſt
Of vigour of mind,
Or ſkill in your calling
Should heaven afford?
Then huſband them all, in
The fear of the Lord.

7 'Tho'

7 Tho' talents you've none
Wherein you excel,
Yet time ſure is one
We all ſhould uſe well:
Our moments are coſtly
As mountains of gold;
And if once they're loſt, they
Can ne'er be recall'd.

HYMN XCVII.

EMULATION.

And they reſt not day and night, ſaying holy, holy, holy, &c. Rev. iv. 8.

1 HARK, how the heav'nly arches ring!
What raptures fill the ſky;
Nor leſs can be, 'tis angels ſing,
'Tis love inſpires their joy.

2 Hear how they roll th' eternal ſong,
And holy, holy cry:
The ſame thro' endleſs years prolong
In rich variety.

Tho'

3 Tho' all contend in ſtrenuous praiſe,
'Tis ſtricteſt unity.
Tho' each has his peculiar lays;
'Tis perfect ſymphony.

4 *Here* t'wards the throne, the ſons of fire,*
With glowing ardour preſs:
Here ſilently in love admire,
And ſeem abſorb'd in bliſs.

5 Then burſts again th' enraptur'd ſong,
And echoes o'er the ſky:
Whilſt in ſeraphic accents ſtrong
They holy, holy cry.

6 O how my ſoul impatient burns,
To taſte your unmix'd joys;
O how my heav'n-born ſpirit ſpurns
Earth's beggarly employs!

7 'Tis done, I catch the heav'nly flame;
Angels I taſte your joys!
Our God, our views, our pow'rs the ſame,
And ſoon our bleſt employs.

And

* The word Seraph ſignifies to burn or glow.

8 Then will I mix my ſweeter ſong,
And vie with all your hoſt;
For ſweeter themes to me belong
Then angels e'er could boaſt.

9 'Tis Jeſu's love ſhall fill my ſong
(Your God—my deareſt Friend)
Which ſtill ſhall wax more ſweet more ſtrong,
And never more ſhall end.

HYMN XCVIII.

The 137th Pſalm Paraphraſed.

1 BY Babel's ſtreams we ſat and wept;
'Twas Zion's woes our hearts did rend:
Our harps, in tune no longer kept,
Upon the willows we ſuſpend.

2 For there our foes inſult us ſtill,
And taunting, aggravate our wrongs:
"Captives diſplay your boaſted ſkill;
"Come ſing us one of Zion's ſongs."

3 The

3 The ſongs of Zion are the Lord's,
And his are all the notes we raiſe;
We will not touch the tuneful chords
'Till we can ſound them in his praiſe.

4 While Zion lies in ruins ſtill,
Can we her dear remembrance leave?
No, firſt our hands ſhall loſe their ſkill,
Our tongues unto our palates cleave.

5 Remember Lord how Edom's ſons
Proudly contemn'd us in our woes;
Triumph'd o'er Zion's ſcatter'd ſtones,
And urg'd to rage her cruel foes.

6 But God will Babylon deſtroy,
Her righteous doom nought can retard;
And happy he who ſees the day,
When ſhe ſhall meet her due reward.

HYMN XCIX.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midſt of them. Mat. xviii. 20.

1 BLESSED God we're now convened
In thy ſacred name and cauſe;
From all ſelfiſh motives weaned,
May we act by thy pure laws:
Lord we ſearch thy ſacred pages,
Seeking thence to know thy will;
And enquire how purer ages
Serv'd thee once, to do ſo ſtill.

2 Mighty Counſellor, unerring,
Now diſpoſe us to the right;
No one his own wiſh preferring,
May we in the truth unite:
Teach us Lord, O teach us often,
Make each path of duty clear;
With thy love our ſpirits ſoften,
And ſubdue with holy fear.

3 Free from ſtrife and all diſtractions,
Make us of one heart and mind;
And thy people's joint tranſactions,
Saviour deign in heav'n to bind:
Thus, all help from thee receiving,
We thy ſacred work purſue;
And the glory would be giving
To thyſelf, to whom 'tis due.

HYMN C.

BEFORE THE EXAMINATION OF PERSONS DESIRING ADMITTANCE INTO THE CHURCH.

1 JESUS we're met in thy great name,
Thy preſence we implore;
Fulfil thy promiſe, ſtill the ſame,
Be with us evermore.

2 Our cauſe is thine, thy help afford,
Supply our every want;
Grant courage to thy ſervants, Lord,
To us diſcernment grant.

3 Give

3 Give *them* an undiſſembling heart,
May they the truth declare;
The wonders of thy love impart,
While we rejoice to hear.

4 Give *us* a free impartial mind
To chooſe what thou ſhalt chooſe;
Then bind in heaven what we ſhall bind,
And looſe what we ſhall looſe.

5 Thus let the Spir't of truth and peace
On ev'ry boſom move;
Inſpire with holy faithfulneſs,
And ſympathetic love.

HYMN CI.

ON THE RECEPTION OF SUCH AS ARE EXAMINED AND APPROVED.

1 HAIL, highly favour'd of the Lord;
We greet you in his name:
Come in, and what his courts afford,
With holy boldneſs claim.

2 No longer wander from the croſs,
And penſive rove alone;
Caſt in your lot, be one with us,
As we with Chriſt are one.

3 Within our Father's houſe is bread
Sufficient, and to ſpare;
Come, and with fineſt wheat be fed,
Our ſweeteſt dainties ſhare.

4 Dear Jeſus bountiful and kind,
Proſper thy conqu'ring word:
Gather thy remnant yet behind,
And haſte thy kingdom, Lord!

5 Increaſe thy churches more and more,
In numbers and in grace;
'Till all complete, the warfare o'er,
We riſe to meet thy face.

HYMN CII.

On the ſame.

1 COME in { ye / thou } bleſſed of the Lord,
And ſhare with us the rich reward,
Which bleeding love procures: Whom

Whom Chriſt approves we dar'n't refuſe,
Come in and all things freely uſe,
'Tis his, 'tis ours, 'tis yours.

2 Behold an open door is ſet,
Here's room, here's food for thouſands yet,
The rich proviſion { view : / ſee : }
Come all our priv'leges partake,
We bid { you / thee } welcome for Chriſt's ſake
And bleſs his name for { you. / thee. }

HYMN CIII.

BEGGING THE LORD'S PRESENCE AT HIS OWN TABLE.

1 SEE the ſpread table of our Lord!
Now in a ſong with ſweet accord,
Invoke his ſacred preſence nigh:
Jeſus behold each bidden gueſt,
Hither aſſembled to be bleſt;
O feaſt thy waiting poor to day.

2 Tho'

2 Tho' thou doſt 'midſt the thouſands ſhine,
Of all thy happy firſt-born train;
Yet glance on us a chearing ray:
A broken fragment Lord beſtow
On us thy family below,
And feaſt thy waiting poor to day.

3 Dear Lord we would not hence remove,
'Till in the midſt thyſelf we prove;
O do not ſend us ſad away!
We break the bread, we pour the wine
At thy command, but Lord 'tis thine
To feaſt our waiting ſouls to day.

PAUSE.

4 Behold theſe gracious ſigns appear,
To teſtify the Saviour's here;
Ceaſe then our fears, our doubts away:
'Tis his own word, nor can he lie,
Where you are met there I am nigh;
He's here and feaſting us to day.

5 O condeſcention great indeed,
That Jeſus ſhould ſuch ſinners feed!
Yet Lord, one bleſſing more we pray:

Ever

Ever vouchſafe to be our gueſt,
Within onr hearts take up thy reſt,
And deign to feaſt us every day.

6 Thus may we prove thee ever kind,
Whene'er we call thy death to mind,
'Till thou ſhalt bid us quit our clay:
Then we around thy heav'nly board
Shall meet, and thou our gracious Lord
Wilt feaſt us to eternity.

HYMN CIV.

FEASTING WITH CHRIST.

1 NOW for a ſong of gratitude
To our dear ſuff'ring Lord;
His fleſh is given to be our food,
His blood does crown the board.

2 While you theſe precious dainties eat.
Prepare your voice to ſing;
And let each thankful tongue repeat
The bounties of his King.

3 " An outcaſt Jeſus took me up,
" Yet treats me as his gueſt:
" A falling crumb I ſcarce could hope;
" I'm feaſted with the beſt!

4 " The talleſt ſeraph round his throne
" Unenvious now I view;
" To feaſt with Chriſt is great I own,
" But I feaſt on him too.

5 " And ſhall I e'er ſuch goodneſs grieve?
" Forbid it Lord to be!
" Rather I'd wiſh no more to live,
" Than not to live to thee."

HYMN CV.

THE SPIRITUAL FEAST.

Eat O friends, drink, yea drink abundantly O beloved. Cant. v. i.

1 DEAR brethren, ſee what coſtly fare:
How bounteous and how free,
Does our Beloved's hand prepare
For rebels vile as we!

2 The

2 The garden of Gethſemane,
The potter's bloody field,
Acéldama and Calvary,
What precious fruits they yield!

3 Here once our Lord with willing feet,
But painful labour trod,
To wear a way for us moſt ſweet,
To banquet with our God.

4 Hear him, the Maſter of the feaſt,
Invite you to draw nigh—
" Eat O my friends, nor only taſte,
" But drink abundantly.

5 " My fleſh upon the croſs was broke,
" Theſe dainties to provide;
" And this rich ſtream, by juſtice' ſtroke,
" Was drawn out of my ſide."

6 To feaſt on this immortal food,
We gladly come dear Lord;
No dainties like thy fleſh and blood
Can earth or heav'n afford.

HYMN CVI.

MOURNING OVER A CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR.

They ſhall look on me whom they have pierced &c.
Zech. xii. 10.

1 HOW ſhall I vent my ſwelling woes
O'er him my ſoul adores!
More than the tend'reſt parent knows,
Who a loſt child deplores.

2 Oh how my ſtruggling paſſions try
Which firſt may force its way!
Love, pity, wonder, ſorrow, joy;
I can no longer ſtay.

3 For ſure ſuch love, ſuch wond'rous love,
Wherever it be felt,
The moſt obdurate heart muſt move!
An adamant muſt melt!

5 And did my ſins my Saviour wound?
For me did Jeſus die?
Let love my proſtrate ſoul confound!
Let ſorrow drown mine eye!

5 Could

5 Could I but ſeize the cruel ſpear
Which caus'd my Lord ſuch ſmart,
And bathe it with a bloody tear,
And plunge it in my heart;

6 Yet ah! how cold my love would ſhow
When once compar'd with his,
Who reſcu'd me from endleſs woe,
Who purchas'd for me bliſs!

HYMN CVII.

THE DEFORMITY OF SIN.

Ye that love the Lord hate evil. Pſa. cxvii. 10.

1 SIN, what an hideous monſter 'tis!
How could I e'er delight in this?
Its odious vileneſs who can tell?
It ruin'd angels, founded hell!

2 But ſin's dread picture would you ſee?
Oh come with me to Calvary,
Or that ſad garden were your Lord
In groans and tears his ſpirit pour'd.

3 There view your agonizing God,
Your mighty Maker ſweating blood:*
What floods of wrath on him were hurl'd,
A tear of whoſe could waſh a world!

4 'Twas ſin that brought the vengeance down,
Which did his ſoul in ſorrows drown,
'Twas ſin, which you and I have done,
That murder'd God's dear only ſon!

5 Then let us this ſoul monſter hate,
And more than hell abominate;
For hell had not been but for ſin,
And thoſe who take delight therein.

HYMN CVIII.

FOR A FUNERAL.

Sorrow not as others without hope. 1 Theſ. iv. 13.

1 LET others deplore their friends are no more,
With grief ſwallow'd up as men without hope;
'Tis but a ſweet ſlumber ſaints take underground
And ſure of that number our {brother / ſiſter} was found.

2 His

* Acts xx. 28.

2 His / Her } aſhes we here ſecurely inter,
Reſtore to the duſt what ſprang from it firſt,
But where is the ſpirit? 'tis long ſince receiv'd,
Thoſe joys to inherit which here it believed.

3 Nor yet without hope we here treaſure up
The relicks of clay, againſt the bleſt day,
When, fully refined, each atom of duſt
To each ſhall be joined, nor one ſhall be loſt.

4 Then body and ſoul again ſhall be whole,
And gloriouſly riſe with Chriſt to the ſkies,
From ſin freed for ever, and ſorrow and pain,
And death ſhall ne'er ſever their union again.

HYMN CIX.

PARTING WITH A MINISTER.

Pray for us that that the word of the Lord may have free course &c. 2 Theſ. iii. 1.

1 GO with thy ſervant Lord,
His ev'ry ſtep attend:
All needful help to him afford,
And bleſs him to the end.

2 Preſerve

2 Preſerve him from all wrong,
Stand thou at his right hand,
To keep him from the ſland'rous tongue,
And perſecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace,
Whilſt thou ſhalt to the liſt'ning croud
His faithful labours bleſs.

4 Shine on his work below
With ever gracious beams,
'Till thou in heav'n his crown beſtow
Beſet with brighteſt gems.

5 We thank thee for his love;
His preſence ſoon reſtore:
If not, O may we meet above
To thank thee evermore.



NOW to the great eternal THREE,
Who made, redeem'd and called me
Doth equal praiſe belong:
Praiſe, honour, glory ſhall be giv'n,
Living on earth, or rais'd to heav'n
My everlaſting ſong.

TO Father and Son and Spirit who join
Three Perſons in one bleſt Eſſence divine,
All glory be given, dominion and pow'r,
By earth and by heaven henceforth evermore.

FATHER, Son and Holy Spirit,
Lord of all in earth and heav'n;
Thou all glories doſt inherit,
Unto thee all praiſe be given:
Angels ever bow before thee,
All thy works proclaim thy pow'r,
And thy ſaints ſhall ſtill adore thee
Now, henceforth and evermore.

1 PRAISE God on the throne, whoſe love did alone
Provide for the ſuccour of ſinners undone.

2 And

2 And to the dear Lamb aſcribe ye the ſame,
Who on the kind errand ſo chearfully came.

3 In thee Holy Ghoſt no leſs will we boaſt,
Who ſeals this rich grace, and recovers the loſt.

4 Thus the divine THREE in ſtrict unity,
To praiſe now and ever come let us agree.

CHRIST is the firſt, and Chriſt the laſt;
To him let all things bow,
Who joins the future, preſent, paſt,
In one eternal now.
He alpha and omega is,
Was dead, but is alive;
And now eternally does live
Eternal life to give.

NOW e'er we depart we'll join in a ſong;
May love warm each heart, praiſe tune ev'ry [tongue:
Then what we've been hearing go home and [practiſe,
And thus be preparing to meet in the ſkies.

PRAISE THE LORD.

Printed by T. Long,
Trowbridge.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS,

AND

OCCASIONS,

BOTH

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING.

By JOHN CLARK.

Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent.

HOR.

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1799.

TO THE READER.

THESE Poems were chiefly the productions of my younger years, but having been of late confined by a severe fit of illness, it afforded me an opportunity of revising and correcting these juvenile compositions. They will all be found to have a moral tendency; which perhaps may serve to make up for any literary imperfections with a pious reader. I have not the vanity to aspire after poetical fame, but hope I feel a wish to do good; my ambition is not to immortalize my name, but my usefulness; not to gain the admiration of mankind, but bring glory to my Maker. To his blessing, and the candour of the public I submit these little essays; and should they meet a favourable reception, perhaps I may be induced at some future period to publish another small volume.

John Clark.

Trowbridge, October 31, 1799.

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☞ The Bookbinder will take notice that in ſome of the copies at page 97, Signature M is in miſtake put for O.

THE

BEE and BUTTERFLY.

NOW the Sun his genial beams
Pours o'er Nature; lo ſhe teems
With a thouſand new delights:
Ev'ry object now invites;
Come, my dear Florello, come,
Let us o'er the garden roam:
Much will there engage our view
That may pleaſe, and profit too.

See on yonder sunny bank,
Flow'rs in beauteous order rank;

And the gaudy Butterfly
Spreads her wings to catch your eye.
Baſking in the ſolar ray,
Flirts the heedleſs hours away;
On a fragrant Roſe diſplays
All her painted gaieties:
Not to taſte the precious ſweets—
On a Dunghill oft ſhe ſits,
And the moſt ungracious ſmell
Seems to pleaſe her quite as well.
Full of pleaſure, full of pride,
Careleſs of what may betide.

But my dear Florello, ſee,
How the ſimple honeſt Bee
Labours on from flow'r to flow'r,
Huſbanding th' important hour:
Pleaſure in her work ſhe meets,
Taſting the delicious ſweets:

And

And at ev'ry ev'nings close,
Laden to her cell she goes.

When stern Winter nips the flow'rs,
Frosts prevail and stormy show'rs,
Poor Papilia* droops her wings,
Vainly to each refuge clings;
To rapacious Birds a prey,
Into holes she skulks away:
But lo there the cobweb hangs—
There the Spider's cruel fangs—
He no beauties will behold,
In her crimson streak'd with gold.
There she lies in fetters bound,
Filthy cobwebs wrap her round;
All her struggles now are vain,
Feebly flutt'ring in her pain:
The fell Spider gripes his prey,
Slowly sucks her life away.

* The Butterfly

But when ſunſhine is no more,
Apis* haſtens to her ſtore;
There ſecurely reſts awhile
From her ſweetly pleaſing toil:
There the precious fruit obtains
Of her induſtry and pains;
'Till is ceas'd the wintry ſtrife,
Then wakes, *as* to ſecond life.

Now Florello can't you gueſs
Something ſimilar to this?
In the gardens of God's grace,
Where he deigns to ſhew his face;
And his brighter Sun diſplays
All his ſoul-reviving rays.
There the Tree of life is found
Spreading fragrancy around;
There a thouſand beauties grow;
There does ev'ry ſweetneſs flow;

Glorious

* The Bee.

Glorious Truths we there behold,
Gradually their buds unfold;
And from Promiſes moſt ſweet,
Humble Chriſtians ſip delight.

But all are not working Bees,
Which we ſee frequenting theſe;
Butterflies of various hues
Croud the gall'ries, and the pews:
Some to ſhew their dreſs and air,
Some at others dreſs to ſtare;
Many go they ſcarce know why,
Flutt'ring here and there they fly,
'Lighting oft on flowers many,
Yet no honey ſuck from any.
Others in the ſunny ray
Baſk, and ſeem to drink the Day:
Theſe all innocence appear,
And God's word with pleaſure hear;
But a ball-room or a play
Does as well another day:

(So

(So ſome Butterflies are white,
Yet in ſordid muck delight)
Some attend to play the fool;
Some to ſcoff and ridicule;
Some to carp and criticiſe —
Theſe are worſe than Butterflies;
Like the Hornet or the Waſp,
Or the venom-ſpitting Aſp—
(Noxious poiſon ſuch can draw
From the ſweeteſt Flow'rs that blow)
Lazy Idlers! and yet theſe
Fain would rob th' induſtrious Bees.

Soon the day of Grace is gone,
Heav'nly bleſſings they have none!
Summer's ended, harveſt paſt,
Wintry ſtorms for ever laſt.
Now the goſpel Sun no more
Will his gracious influence pour;
Clouds and miſts of darkneſs riſe,
And for ever blot the ſkies.

Void

Void is now their empty boaſt;
All their flatt'ring hopes are loſt.
Death (rapacious bird of prey)
Waits to ſeize the Soul away;
Guilt and vengeance drive it down
To the Pit where horrors frown:
Gay diſtinctions can't avail:
Worlds of wealth can never bail
From the gloomy Priſon, where
Spiders infernal ſpread their ſnare,
And woes extreme —— eternally prepare.

Epiphonema.

Make me like the ſimple Bee—
My true int'reſt let me ſee,
And (while gracious means afford)
Draw inſtruction from God's word;
Ev'ry ordinance improve,
Treaſure up my hopes above:

Then

Then (when chilly Death ſhall come)
Reſt awhile within the tomb;
'Till I riſe to Life divine,
Where my Sun ſhall ever ſhine.

GOD ALL IN ALL.

I.

GOD is my guide, and God my guard;
My portion now, my laſt reward;
My joy in eaſe, my hope in thrall;
My life in death, my God, my All.

II.

Since God is mine, and I am his;
His pow'r my truſt, his love my bliſs;
No foe I fear, no Will obey
But his ——— and his eternally.

ON

SCANDAL.

OF all the baſe crimes that diſgrace human
[nature,
Spread ruin on earth, and affront the Creator;
There's none ſurely may with vile Scandal
[compare,
Of whoſe hidden darts, alas, who can beware?
A head of the Hydra*, that bites e'er it bark, this,
And this is the peſtilence walking in darkneſs.
'Tis envy's four belchings, the ſymptom no leſs
Of a mind that turns ſick at another's ſucceſs.

* A fabulous monſter with fifty heads; when one was cut off, two are ſaid to have grown up in its ſtead. An emblem of vice.

The foul breaking out of a cankerous heart,
That ſpreads its contagion thro' every part.
No name is ſufficiently vile to expreſs it;
To ſcandalize Scandal impoſſible is it.

The devil firſt rais'd it to ruin mankind,
And baſely ſuggeſted God's gifts *too* confin'd;*
And everſince then, it has been his endeavour,
By this means, the deareſt of int'reſts to ſever.
All hiſtory's page it has ſtained with blood;
And thouſands has ſent to the ſtygian flood.†
How oft has it brother engag'd againſt brother,
And children ſtirr'd up to curſe father or mother?
At Samſon's exploits we have wond'red before;
Let hers be produc'd, and we wonder no more:
Heaps on heaps of his foes, in the day light he ſlew:
She heaps of her friends, and in the dark too:
And may we not add, with a weapon as baſe
As ever was his, the jaw-bone of an aſs.

When

* Gen. iii. 1. † The river of hell.

When neighbours assemble to sip the warm tea,
In innocent chit-chat, and mirth to agree;
Then Scandal officiously thrusts herself in,
And whispers about, tho' she never is seen—
"Have you heard?"—"Yes indeed—I am
[quite sorry for't".—
"Well, who could have thought—but 'tis like
[all the sort."
"Pray Madam what is it?"--"O Sir I'm asham'd--
'Tis pity such crimes should so much as be
[nam'd."
"But are you quite sure?–"Yes yes, Mistress Blab
Told it me, and she had it from—Oh what a stab
'Twill be to religion.–Pray Sir do not frown—
Can you doubt it? –good God!--'tis all over
[the town."

One word in a corner more mischief may do,
Than can be retrieved the longest life thro';
For Ill-fame flies swiftly, and oft in the heart
Her poison infuses, e'er Good-fame can start:

And the heart is like wax, which, when heated
[will take
Bad impreſſions, that when cold, it will not forſake.
Beſides many thouſands the *falſehood* have heard,
That ne'er ſhall be able to hear the *fact* clear'd,
It roſe from a triflle—'twas ſuch an one ſaid—
Thro' town, and thro' country, the rumour is
[ſpread:
'Tis believ'd, 'tis confirm'd, the man's charac-
[ter's ſlain:
Could he live like an angel, 'twill ne'er riſe again,
Or weep tears of blood, he can't waſh out the
[ſtain.

Then let us endeavour this foe to unnerve;
For every tale keep an ear in reſerve;
Our judgement ſuſpend, until both ſides arrive.
Still favour the abſent, be ſlow to believe.
And whene'er we meet, let us Scandal ſhut out:
This dang'rous incendiary every where ſcout
If a neighbour has ſlipp'd, let us pity his caſe:
Speak the *beſt* ſtill behind him, the *worſt* to his face.

THE

THE

PINE-TREE and the GOURD.

A FABLE.

NEAR a tall Pine-tree, that in ancient ſtate,
Spread forth his branches, once a Gourd [being ſet.
Nouriſh'd by frequent rains, and clement ſkies.
From low obſcurity began to riſe:
'Till wanton grown, and creeping near the Pine.
Dar'd with his boughs her tendrils to entwine.
By his help mounting to the ſolar rays,
Her ſhowy flowers, and pompous fruits diſplays.
Now ſwoln with vanity, the ſaucy plant
Thus o'er the friendly Pine began to vaunt.
" Behold proud tree, how much I you excel.
" With fruits of golden hue, that grandly ſwell,
" My leaves more verdant, and than yours more [ſpread;
" And my bold branches overtop your head.

" If

" If thus, already, I above you foar;
" What ſhall I be in a few ſeaſons more?"
The Pine in age, and grave experience grown;
With patience heard the Gourd's inſulting tone:
Then thus reprov'd her. " Be it to you known,
" Thro' many years the tempeſts I have fought,
" Winter's bleak winds have brav'd, and ſummer's [drought.
" Unnumber'd ſhocks ſuſtain'd, and dangers paſt,
" Oe'rcame them all, and here I ſtand at laſt.
" While you, proud upſtart, who your betters flout,
" From the vile dunghill t'other day crept out:
" But one ſharp night will ſoon your pride abate,
" Deſtroy your verdure, and decide your fate."

Moral.

Then ſpight of coxcombs, ſtill good ſenſe prefers
A modeſt merit, and experienc'd years,
For ſudden growths, tho' they ſurpriſe us all,
Do oft ſurpriſe us by a ſudden fall.

DEPRAVITY

DEPRAVITY of MAN.

REASON with ſcripture does agree,
Man is not what he ought to be.
Experience proves his *will* perverſe,
And ever bent to chooſe the worſe.
His *underſtanding* dark to that,
Which moſt concerns his better ſtate.
And his *affections* chiefly plac'd
On that the firſt, which ſhould be laſt.
His *mem'ry* eaſieſt does retain,
Things inſignificant and vain.
And ever prone to *judge* amiſs
Of his own ſtate, and future bliſs.
Sure was man what he ought to be,
His trueſt int'reſt he muſt ſee:
Not ſcorn eternity, and poiſe
A fleeting duſt againſt the ſkies.

ON

ON THE WORD *ABBA.*

I.

THOU kindeſt of Fathers behold a child [weak,
O call me thy own, and aſſiſt me to ſpeak:
'Tis Abba's the word that I fain would pronounce,
How happy were I could I utter it once:

II.

Compoſed of two letters, the firſt in the row.
So eaſy it ſeems, alas! did I but know;
To ſhut but the lips, and to open again,
And breathe from my heart towards heaven amain.

III.

Yet how many Rabbies, and men of renown
For wiſdom and learning in every town;
Have not learn'd this A, B, B, A to repeat,
Nor ever can learn it 'till brought to thy feet.

STRONG

STRONG BEER.

I.

MUSE, now ſing the pow'rs of Barley,
And the Hop's preſerving juice:
'Tis a theme that has but rarely
Been apply'd to ſacred uſe.
Mean the ſubject is I grant ye,
Yet may rich inſtruction yield:
Kings themſelves for many a dainty
Are beholden to the field.

II.

While man held his purer nature,
Free from malady and ſin;
He could drink th' unſully'd water,
And contentment found therein.

But now from his garden driven,
And compell'd to till the ſoil ;
Stronger bev'rage God has given
To ſupport him in his toil.

III.

Warmer countries boaſt their vineyards,
And the luſcious grape poſſeſs ;
Yet ſure Providence is kind, t'wards
Theſe more northern climes not leſs :
Here the fields in richeſt plenty,
More ſubſtantial grain produce ;
And due wiſdom Heav'n has ſent ye
To prepare the ſame for uſe.

IV.

But alas how much abuſed
Has the kind indulgence been ;
What was meant for good, is uſed
To provoke to ev'ry ſin.

Yet O men of ſober thinking,
My ſlight poem is for you ;
That while you your Beer are drinking,
You may drink inſtruction too.

V.

'Tis compos'd of ſweet and bitter ;
Emblem of your preſent ſtriſe :
Theſe, well mingled, make you fitter
To enjoy eternal life.
Love is ſweet, and faith gives power
To religion's chryſtal ſtream ;
And affliction's bitter flower
Serves to keep it ſtill the ſame.

VI.

As the Malt muſt well be bruiſed,
When by previous ſkill made meet;
Then with ſcalding liquor uſed,
To extract the latent ſweet :

So muſt grace in you be proved,
Various trials undergo;
That all obſtacles removed,
You its genuine worth may know.

VII.

When your Wort is tunn'd with caution,
And with yeſt is well imbru'd;
What a wonderful commotion
Ev'ry foulneſs to extrude!
'Tis thus, with the new converted,
Where God's quickning grace has been;
Ev'ry effort is exerted
To expel all inbred ſin.

VIII.

If your Malt and Hops be genuine,
And due care to brew it right;
Such Beer will by long continuing,
Grow more wholeſome, ſtrong and bright.

Thus

Thus age makes the faint maturer,
Feculence and pride throws down;
Joy will ſparkle, love be purer,
As in faith you're ſtronger grown.

IX.

But if bad be your ingredients,
Or your management amiſs;
Time, or all your quack expedients
Never can recover this.
So the ſoul that's driv'n by terrors;
Not poſſeſs'd of vital pow'r,
Still continues foul with errors,
Or with tempers bad turns ſour.

X.

Now my Friend, you have my brewing,
Oh, that I my wiſh might have!
Thouſands, Beer has help'd to ruin,
Might it help but one to ſave!

Then

Then you'll drink with moderation,
And God's bounty ever bleſs,
For the cup of free ſalvation
Thro' the Saviour's righteouſneſs.

THE

SUN and DUNGHILL.

A FABLE.

A ſaucy Dunghill once would vie
With the bright Regent of the ſky;
The foſt'ring heat, why not all one
If found in her, as in the Sun?
Beſides *her* warmth had oft prevail'd,
When *his* enfeebled rays had fail'd;
Had rais'd productions from the earth,
And giv'n a thouſand plants their birth:

Theſe

Theſe oft *her* kindly aid could boaſt
When *Sol* had left them to the froſt.

Th' affronted Sun grew fiery hot,
And at her all his fierceneſs ſhot—
Ah foul indignity ! how dare
You filthy heap with me compare ?
Shall heat in putrefaction bred,
And by inteſtine diſcord fed —
Shall your offenſive fumes eſſay
To match my beams that make the day ?
You're oft a nuiſance, and the neſt
Of noxious vermine---Men deteſt
Your very ſight—and ſoon your heat
Is turn'd to rottenneſs compleat.

My pow'r thro' nature's frame is hurl'd,
And ſtands cöeval with the world :
Yourſelf are but the vile refuſe
Of what my power did once produce.

Flowers,

Flowers, and fruits, and odours ſweet,
And man, and beaſts my preſence greet :
All things exult in the mild ſway
Of me, the Ruler of the day :
Delight and health *I* ſtill diſpenſe—
You give diſguſt to ev'ry ſenſe.

Moral.

Hence, men may learn what various ſprings
Oft actuate them to do like things :
How widely diff'rent is the zeal
Which hypocrites, and chriſtians feel !
This like the Sun's all quick'ning beams ;
That like the Dunghill's loathſome ſteams :
The one in ſelf begins and ends ;
The other all men's good intends.

ON

A BUBBLE.

AS Newton view'd the Bubble riſe
From the blown pipe towards the ſkies;
Reflecting the priſmatic hues,
(The colours which the rainbow ſhews)
'Tis ſaid he by the trivial ſight,
Improv'd his knowledge of the light.
Excuſe me, if I fain would ſhew
Inſtruction from a Bubble too.

Of water 'tis compos'd, and air,
The one more groſs, the other rare;
This like the ſoul ſtill upward tends,
Like the dull body *that* deſcends;
Slight is the bond that keeps them one,
By ev'ry puff of breath undone:

That very air which makes them ſwell,
Expanding, burſts the flimſy ſhell;
And accidents unnumber'd tend
To bring them to a ſpeedy end.

Vain mortals in this Bubble view
A faithful counterpart of you.
Puſt up with heated air—no more —
In pride, ambition, how you ſoar!
A glittering outſide you diſplay,
Bedeck'd with ſpecious colours gay;
But our fond wiſhes you illude,
As empty of all real good:
Light and inconſtant too we find,
Shifting with ev'ry breath of wind;
And in your height of proſp'rous mirth,
A moment brings you down to earth.
So frail th' attenuated thread,
That holds the living from the dead!

From

From mortal lungs the Bubble ſprings,
And ſhares the fate of mortal things.
The vital principle in man,
From God's immortal breath began;
And to its ſource would ever riſe,
Were it not held by carnal tyes;
And as it riſes, ſtill expand,
'Till it had burſt its ambient band,
And mingled with its native air,
In the celeſtial atmoſphere.

But ſee the tranſient wonder's o'er;
The baſeleſs fabrick is no more!
Where is the Bubble we admir'd,
That lately to the clouds aſpired?
No trace remains to ſhew us were;
Diſpers'd and vaniſh'd in the air.
Now lo, the beauteous tints are gone,
That on the inflated ſurface ſhone!

And all its glory now is found
In a few ſprinkles on the ground.

So ends the flaſh of human pride,
When death life's union doth divide:
In the vile clay of life bereft,
No form, no comelineſs is left;
The ſoul, which animation gave,
Is fled, and drops it in the grave.
Now all diſtinctions it could boaſt,
Within this dark abode are loſt: *
Howe'er belov'd, admir'd before;
The place that knew it, knows no more.

But how precarious are the dates
Of theſe gay Bubbles, and their fates?
Some burſt before they well are ripe,
Scarce diſengaged from the pipe;
Some mount ambitious to the ſky,
And there in thouſand atoms fly;

Others

* Pſa. 49. 14.

Others are whirled by the blaſt
Of adverſe winds, and find at laſt
Againſt ſome wall their fated doom;
Nor ever to perfection come.

The like viciſſitudes befal
The Lords of this terreſtrial ball:
Thoſe Bubbles which mankind we call!
Numbers exiſt we ſcarce know why,
Enter the world, then weep and die;
Others wear out a ling'ring time,
Turmoil'd and toſt from clime to clime,
The buffet of the winds and waves;
At length, find quiet in their graves.

A few who ſeem to reach the clouds,
(The envy of admiring crouds)
Soon vaniſh, and no trace we find;
Their names are ſcatt'red in the wind.
Some burſt with glutt'ny, ſome with pride;
And ſome a *natural death* have died!

Fatigue,

Fatigue, indulgence, want, excefs,
Each in it's turn does life fuppref's;
And war's, and law's, contentious pother,
Too oft dafh one againft another.

Thus man's exiftence cafual feems;
And thus delufive as his dreams!
But holy Infpiration fays,
We all have our appointed days; *
How few, and evil at the beft,
The hoary Patriarch † once confeft:
Yet lo! on this precarious ftate
Eternal conf'equences wait!

Epiphonema.

A worthlefs Bubble tho' I be,
All-gracious Spirit quicken me.
I'd leave the earth, and mount above,
Warm'd and expanded by thy love;

And

* Job 7. 1. † Gen. 47. 9

And all thy beauteous colours ſhow,
Of truth and holineſs below:
Then burſt, and mingle with the ſkies,
And loſe myſelf in joy and praiſe.

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

I.

GIVE me a good conſcience, that's tender, [not weak;
Not teazed with ſcruples, yet faithful to ſpeak;
Not fear'd with preſumption, from guilt ſprinkled [clean;
And void of offence towards God, and t'wards [men.

II.

A ſcrupulous Conſcience does weakneſs betray,
And like a ſore finger is ſtill in the way;
A delicate habit too ſqueamiſh and nice,
That will ſtrain at a gnat-fly, and ſwallow down [vice.

III.

III.

A Conſcience that's hard'ned, and can no more [feel :
As callous as horn, and as ſtubborn as ſteel,
I deprecate !—Heav'nly Father let me
Still feel, and forſake what's offenſive to Thee.

IV.

A Conſcience defiled can nothing enjoy ;
But like a foul ſtomach does nauſeate and cloy,
With what would to others be wholeſome and [good :
Makes a curſe of a bleſſing, and poiſon of food.

V.

Then give me a Conſcience that's pure and ſerene,
To ſerve God aright, and diſtinguiſh between
A ſhadow and ſubſtance. Nor with a falſe touch
Make too little of ſin, or of trifles too much.

* * *
* * *
*

THE *GOLDEN CHAIN* OF *SALVATION.*

On the Author's seeing his emblematical print (the Golden Chain of Salvation) hung up in the window of a print-shop, amidst a variety of profane subjects.

INTENDED BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

I.

AMIDST a group of vanities,
Spread forth to catch unwary eyes;
Fantastic and impure:
The Golden Chain! what, what is this!
What means this strange, this mystic piece!
I'll stay and view it sure.

II.

But lo, methinks I only ſee
Confuſion and obſcurity:
What can it all intend?
Some uncouth figures are pourtray'd,
And clouds and darkneſs, light and ſhade
In ſeeming chaos blend.

III.

(Such is Salvation to the man,
Who's ignorant of its wond'rous plan,
Or gives a tranſient glance:
But when we take a nearer view;
But chiefly, when we taſte it too,
'Tis all ſignificance.)

IV.

Four equal Circles like a chain,
Do each eternal truths contain,
Inſeparably knit:
On theſe, a Female ſafely reſts;
An emblem of the Church of Chriſt,
Caught from Hell's yawning pit.

V.

V.

See, what a Glory does ſurround
This happy Church; with Stars ſhe's crown'd,
Cloth'd in a ſpotleſs Robe:
Her eyes t'ward heav'n with joy caſt up,
While cleaving faſt by faith and hope,
She treads upon the Globe.

VI.

This Glory is the bright'ning rays,
The Sun of righteouſneſs diſplays
His favour'd Church around.
Thoſe Stars, the teſtimony ſhew
Of prophets, and apoſtles too,
With which this Church is crown'd.

VII.

But what's included in thoſe Links?
Some emblematic truths methinks,
I plainly in them ſee:
Dependant all, and all compleat,
Of one dimenſion, and in ſweet
Concordance all agree.

VIII.

The Firſt contains God's ſovereign Will,
Which pow'r and goodneſs will fulfil,
And juſtice ſhall approve;
Concerning thoſe, whoſe holy lives,
And humble hopes true witneſs gives,
Their names are writ above.

IX.

Theſe are conform'd to Chriſt their head;
Lo *there* the multitude he fed,
Lo *here* the ſcourge he bore:
Was chearful ſtill in doing good,
And patient in all ſuff'rings ſtood;
Tho' bath'd in ſweat and gore.

X.

Hanging on this all-wiſe decree,
Th' appointed means of grace we ſee;
The Word of truth and love:
Repentance t'wards an angry God,
And faith t'wards Jeſus' precious blood,
Seal'd by the heav'nly Dove.

XI.

XI.

Thus, by the energy of grace
Sinners are call'd to ſeek God's face,
E'en from deſtruction's brink.
From folly, ſin and error call'd,
By the good Shepherd to his fold—
This is the ſecond Link.

XII.

Level with this the Penitent ſhews
Who thro' faith's Optic, humbly views,
The all-atoning Croſs.
Sunk in oblivion all his ſin,
And cloth'd with Righteouſneſs *divine*,
His *own* he counts but loſs.

XIII.

The Ring, (the badge of love and peace)
His Hand of faith does nobly grace,
And ſee his Feet adorn'd
With Shoes, embroider'd rich beſide
With holineſs; while this world's pride
Is trampled on and ſcorn'd.

XIV.

The Link of Glory which remains,
Emblems of joy and praiſe contains;
Tho' yet but faintly known:
Yet not leſs ſure--His fore-known Bride,
Predeſtin'd, call'd and juſtify'd;
Chriſt will with glory crown. *

XV.

Angels are wrapt in deep amaze;
And ſtretch their wings, and ſtoop to gaze
On the myſterious plan.
With grief their ſuff'ring Lord they know;
And yet more bright they ſeem to glow
With joyfulneſs for man.

XVI.

Now, ſee what mighty Arms atop,
Bear the ſtupendous fabric up;
How hangs the World on it!
While wide Deſtruction gapes in vain,
And Fiends their feeble efforts ſtrain
To drag it to the Pit.

* Rom. 8. 29 30.

XVII.

In heav'n's immutable high Throne,
Behold eternal Love is ſhown;
Thro' Chriſt the Mercy-ſeat:
That Cov'ring of the ark ſo call,
Whence God propitious is to all
Who worſhip at his feet.

XVIII.

Above the Clouds three equal Lines,
Each with peculiar Glory ſhines;
Yet to one Centre drawn—
Not that the author could ſuppoſe,
Lines, the high myſt'ry would diſcloſe,
Of heav'n's ſupreme THREE-ONE.

XIX.

Soon, ſoon will Time the thread cut ſhort,
That does this hair-hung World ſupport:
Then woe to worldlings all!
But when in ruin nature ſinks;
Hail happy ſubjects of theſe Links,
For you can never fall.

STRENGTH.

AN ACROSTIC.

S hould all the pow'rs of heav'n and earth be join'd;

T h' angelic, human, brutal force combin'd;

R ocks, mountains, bulwarks, citadels and tow'rs;

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

N ature's ſtrong holds, and artificial pow'rs;

G iants, and engines of amazing force;

T hen add the camel, elephant and horſe:

H iatus void were all, did not at length,

*E ternal Might come in, and make it StrEngth.

Explanation.

The word Strength conſiſting of ſeven conſonants could not be pronounced without the vowel E.—So the whole creation would be but a blank, without the continual exertion of uncreated Power.—All power belongeth unto God. Pſa. 62. 11.

ON

THE ORGAN.

WHAT a noble Inſtrument
Lamech's ſon did once invent !*
Since improv'd by modern care,
Pleaſing to the eye and ear.
Here is each harmonic chord
Which the pow'rs of ſound afford ;
Ev'ry ſweetneſs is combin'd
That can charm the tuneful mind.
Inſtruments of ev'ry ſort
Here their excellence import ;
Here the Trumpet's martial ſound,
Here the mellow Flute is found,
Horns, and Hautboys mix their tunes,
Sprightly Cornets, deep Baſſoons.

* Gen. 4. 21.

Muſic here exhauſts her treaſure,
Brings each various mood and meaſure:
Rapid movements, ſolemn drawls,
Sprightly airs, and melting falls;
Soft and ſoothing, loud and clear,
Swelling gently on the ear;
Thro' each pleaſing concord roll,
Raiſe and captivate the ſoul.

Let us peep within the Caſe,
And the hidden cauſes trace:
Pipes are ſeen in graceful rows;
Undearneath the Bellows blows;
Hence the wind in ſecret ways
Channels to the Pipes conveys;
Great or ſmall, but not exceeds;
Juſt proportion'd as each needs
To perform its office well,
And in proper place excell.

Regiſters

Regiſters there are beſide,
Which in grooves are made to ſlide,
And with wind each row ſupplies,
Or the whole can harmonize ;
Thus each ſep'rate ſtop is dumb,
Or may ſpeak ad libitum.
Here beſides are Valves and Springs,
And a multitude of things,
Difficult to be explain'd ;
All for ſpecial uſe ordain'd.

But tho' curious to the ſight,
Organs would be uſeleſs quite—
Touch'd by ſkilful hands alone,
'Tis the Keys muſt give the tone,
And compound the various chords,
Which rich harmony affords.
Nor can muſic yet be drawn
By the ſkilful touch alone ;
'Tis the Wind's all pow'rful blaſt
Gives effect to all at laſt.

Ev'ry movement has its uſe,
Does to gen'ral good conduce ;
Ev'ry pipe its place muſt fill,
Paſſive to the maker's will ;
Here the great, and there the ſmall ;
Equally important all :
But revers'd, or left to chance,
What confuſion, diſſonance
Shocks our ear—but O what beauty,
When in place each does his duty !
Speaks enough, and not too much,
Nicely anſw'ring to the touch.
When each one performs his beſt,
And is tun'd to all the reſt ;
Then ſweet harmony is made,
And delight our ſouls pervade.

Nor do pleaſe the ſenſe alone,
Gilded pipes and fineſt tone :
Greater pleaſures here I find,
Pleaſures that improve the mind.

Say

Say the Organ is the Church,
And its myſteries let us ſearch :
Built by him, who built the ſkies,
And with harmony ſupplies
All the planetary orbs,
Which no diſcord e'er diſturbs :
Who from Adam's ſtock, can raiſe
Inſtruments to ſound his praiſe.

Various Stops, of various name ;
(In eſſentials yet the ſame)
Sects and parties aptly ſhows,
Which the chriſtian church compoſe ;
Diff'ring in their gifts and ways ;
Uniſon in Jeſus' praiſe.
Some like Diapaſons ſoft,
Sooth, and lift our ſouls aloft.
Others rouſe us with alarms ;
As the Trumpet ſounds to arms :

Theſe

Theſe the ſinner to convert,
Thoſe to heal the broken heart:
But to praiſe their common Lord,
In full chorus *all* accord.

Next the Keys may repreſent
Means of grace—The ſacrament,
Pray'r or preaching, touch'd with ſkill,
If the end we would fulfil.
Yet on theſe we can't rely;
From the Spirit's agency
All the means efficience gain,
Or we preach and pray in vain.

Epiphonema.

Might I fill the humbleſt place
Uſefully within the caſe;
Keep the ſtation me aſſign'd,
Influenc'd by the ſacred Wind;

Chord

Chord with ſaints below, above;
Tun'd to harmony and love.
Tho' remote from public view,
Not a gilded pipe for ſhew;
(Specious hypocrites oft theſe,
Anſw'ring not to wind or keys)
But reſponſive to the Will
Of my heav'nly Maker ſtill,
I my nobleſt pow'rs would raiſe,
In the chorus of his praiſe.

LOVE

HUMAN *and* DIVINE,

CONTRASTED.

ALL human love compare to thwarting rays,
Of devious light, refracted thro' the lens
Of ſhallow ſenſe; converging till they claſh,
And then diverge as faſt.—Too oft we find,
The point of concourſe proves the point of ills:
The ſuddener they meet, the faſter off they fly.

The

The love of God is like the central beam,
(More clear, more ſtrong, more equal and more [free)
Caught on the mirror of a bright'ned ſoul;
And back reflected on itſelf again.

The love of God, O who can find its meaſure!
Deep as our woe, and high as his perfections;
Broadly extending over all his creatures;
Length without end, thro' both Eternities.

The BEING and ATTRIBUTES of GOD.

TO prove a God all natures' works ariſe,
Thoſe works ſo perfect ſhew him great and [wiſe.
Reaſon ſuggeſts he muſt be juſt and true,
And in his word a God of love we view.

THE *HAPPY MEAN.*

I.

FAIN would I find the happy Mean,
The narrow path that lies between;
Not ſoar too-high, nor ſink too low,
Nor run too faſt, nor creep too ſlow.

II.

Not bloated with fantaſtic air,
Nor ſhrivell'd up with with carking care
Not raſhly vent'rous, and as free
From ſcrupulous timidity.

III.

In buſineſs diligent, to get
The comforts of the preſent ſtate;
But not purſue that buſineſs ſo,
As thoſe ſame comforts to forego.

IV.

Free, but not laviſh ; ſpend my ſtore
For all things needful, not one more.
Neat in my habit, but not nice ;
Follow convenience, not caprice.

V.

In action vig'rous, yet ſerene ;
Patient in ſuff'rings, but not mean :
Whate'er my lot on earth may be,
Receive with equanimity.

VI.

Not ſoon elated with ſucceſs,
Nor overwhelmed with diſtreſs :
Flee moping ſadneſs, frantic folly ;
Exceſs of mirth, or melancholy.

VII.

Religion my chief ardour claims ;
And here unbounded be my aims :
God's glory, all men's happineſs,
Eternal joys, and preſent peace.

VIII.

Yet I'd true adoration feel,
Not wild enthuſiaſtic zeal;
Or boiling o'er with blind devotion,
Or froze with cold inſipid notion.

IX.

Not ſtrain for points above my reach,
Keep to thoſe truths the ſcriptures teach:
Hold faſt whatever truth I ſeize on,
Tho' ever open to ſound reaſon.

X.

True to the party I approve,
Yet excellence in all men love;
For a ſtiff bigot to a name,
And a church-vagrant* both I blame.

XI.

T'wards men that equal rule purſue,
What I'd not ſuffer, never do:
To all obliging, courteous, free,
But no fantaſtic fribble be.

XII.

* One that wanders from one Sect to another.

XII.

Not baſely cringing to the great,
Yet with becoming def'rence treat:
Nor on the mean contemptuous tread,
Seek their eſteem, but not their dread.

XIII.

Stanch to my King, and Country's weal;
In both a mutuál int'reſt feel:
But not my liberty ſo prize,
As to pluck out another's eyes.

XIV.

Not chain'd with ſplendid vaſſalage,
Nor bit by patriotic rage;
But do my duty in my ſtation,
And to my Betters leave the nation.

XV.

When ev'ry duty I have done,
Thank God for all, but truſt in none.
My num'rous faults deplore, yet not
Deſpair of pardon Chriſt has bought.

XIV.

When on the verge of life I tread,
Death's dart I'd neither court, nor dread;
But meet my fate with chearful awe,
And from a captious world withdraw.

TRUE NOBILITY.

I.

VAIN thoſe honours, and uncertain,
Which may fools and knaves befal:
'Tis the good, in ſpite of fortune,
We the truly great may call.

II.

Is a Name, or founding Title,
Giv'n by Potentates of earth;
Worthy of thy fond recital,
Stranger to an heav'nly birth?

III.

III.

What tho' Sol may ſhine reſplendent,
And brave emblems deck your ſhield;
If on vice you are dependent;
If you do to baſeneſs yield!

IV.

Fond of anceſtry, you trace it;
But if you've no worth to ſhew,
Know, the farther back you place it,
'Tis the more remote from you.

V.

Say, can heaps of glitt'ring treaſure,
Wide domains ennoble thee?
Or can ſcarfs and garters meaſure,
True and genuine dignity?

VI.

He alone is great and noble,
Who can reverence himſelf;
Who can count the world a bubble,
Pleaſures, pageantry and pelf.

VII.

Who diſplays a manly vigour,
Wins two vict'ries at a blow:
Firſt his pride ſubdues with rigour,
Then with kindneſs quells his foe.

VIII.

Who, by Vice, or Folly taunted,
Perſeveres in Virtue's race.
Who can meet his fate undaunted,
And the King of terrors face.

IX.

If at nothing great you're aiming,
But in ſloth or paſtimes lounge:
If in whoring, drinking, gaming,
You, your dignity can plunge:

X.

Does, My Lord, or 's Grace befit ye?
Lofty Titles, pompous Forms—
From my heart I can you pity,
Little deſpicable Worms.

STATE OF INNOCENCY.

AN ACROSTIC.

S uch high perfection as a God could give
T o man, his laſt, beſt work; we may believe
A dam poſſeſt; nor wanted one thing yet
T o make his happy ſtation more compleat:
E 'er pride had ſwoln, cold envy had confin'd,
O r boiſt'rous paſſion had diſturb'd his mind.
F av'rite of heav'n, and Lord of all below;
I mage of him whoſe goodneſs made him ſo:
N o ſorrow knew, remote its cauſe as yet;
N o ſin had tainted his all-perfect ſtate:
O mniſcient as concern'd his duty, bliſs;
C apacious was his mind, his pow'r no leſs:
E ach creature gladly did his wiſh obey;
N ature ſubmitted to his gentle ſway:
C rown'd with a Conſort perfect as was he;
Y outh ever blooming, from diſorder free.

THE *UNGRATEFUL BEE.*

On a Bee which being ſnatched from drowning inſtantly ſtung the hand which ſaved it.

GRACELESS creature how could you
Serve your kind Deliv'rer ſo ?
Wound the hand, with cruel rage,
Which would fain your griefs aſſuage ?
Which with kind officious ſtrife
Reach'd the pole that ſav'd your life ?
Ingrate ! ſurely not like thee
Was that fam'd illuſtrious Bee,*
Æſop has immortaliz'd,
Who the Dove's deliv'rance priz'd :
He due gratitude could ſhow,
And with vengeance ſtung her foe.

* See the Fable of the Dove and Bee.

Think, vile inſect, what diſgrace
Haſt thou brought upon thy race!
How thine anceſtry haſt ſham'd,
Long for ſocial virtues fam'd!

Strugg'ling on the waves you lay,
To voracious fiſh a prey;
Flutt'ring round and round with pain,
You attempt the ſhores in vain;
And no friendly breeze does waft
To your help a leafy raft;
Nor the oſier twig does bend,
That may kind aſſiſtance lend.
Then did pity touch her mind,
And immediate help you find:
Why (e'er life was ſcarce regain'd)
Were your puny efforts ſtrain'd
To repay with pungent ſmart,
Her who did that help impart?
Ah ungrateful creature why—
Surely you deſerv'd to die!

Ah

Go perfidious caitiff go;
I forbear to ſtrike the blow:
Should I tread you to the duſt,
Surely all muſt deem it juſt;
But revenge becomes not me,
E'en towards a worthleſs Bee,
How ungrateful have I prov'd!
To that God who freely lov'd
Me, when on the billows toſt,
And well nigh for ever loſt!
Who redeem'd my guilty ſoul,
Who, when wounded, made me whole.
To revenge, in me were wrong;
Vengeance do'n't to me belong.

Yet due puniſhment you'll find;
See, you've left your ſting behind!
Now eſteem'd a uſeleſs drone
(Doom'd like Cain to rove alone)
You a vagabond muſt live,
Driv'n from ev'ry ſocial hive;

Shun'd by ev'ry honeſt Bee,
Whither, ah whither can you flee!
Now expos'd to ev'ry foe,
You no weapon have to ſhow;
For one fooliſh act undone,
Pitied or reliev'd by none;
Miſchief can no longer do,
And muſt ſhortly periſh too.

Epiphonema.

O might this ungrateful Bee
Prove an uſeful hint to me!
Think how on the tide of ſin,
Floating, and well nigh drawn in,
By deſtruction's whirling gurge;
(Wave on wave to ruin urge!)
Strugg'ling in the jaws of death,
Hell attending on each breath,
Not a ſingle twig of hope,
Not a leaf to bear me up:

All

All attempts to reach the ſhore,
Serv'd to ſink me but the more.

Then how kind to me! how dear,
Was that welcome meſſenger,
Who reach'd out the goſpel pole,
And from ſinking caught my ſoul;
Then, to ſooth my anxious care,
Laid me to his boſom bare;
And apply'd the healing balm
Of a Saviour's precious name.
Now deliver'd from my fears,
Wip'd away my falling tears,
Bleſſings numberleſs I have,
And a hope beyond the grave.

Shall I ever, ever grieve
Him who taught my ſoul to live!
Or the inſtrument e'er wound,
By which mercy I have found!

O forbid

O forbid it God of Grace!
How could I thy name profeſs,
Where a ſin ſo much as nam'd
Of which dev'ls would be aſham'd.
Could I ſuch a crime commit,
(For a chriſtian church not fit)
I deſervedly were driv'n
From all on earth, and all in heav'n.

MODERN INFIDELITY.

I.

THE *ancient Fools* ſaid in their heart,*
But our *wiſe Moderns* dare aſſert,
There is no God:
But how this wondrous world was brought,
Into exiſtence without thought,
Is wondrous odd!

II.

* Pſa. xiv. 1.

II.

Endleſs effects without a cauſe ;
Order and fitneſs without laws ;
Hard to conceive !
Yet aſk the ſtubborn Infidel,
Who d—mns all myſteries to hell ;
He can believe !

III.

Does nature ſtill from nature flow ?
What has no author, has no law :
Right——'tis a dream !
Chance governs all !—And this day's will
Of him that's ſtrongeſt, muſt be ſtill
The law ſupreme.

IV.

That I'm a Man, and not a Fly ;
(If theſe bold reas'ners do not lie)
'Twas merely chance.
But how came Chance, or what is it ?
To tell, I own is paſt my wit—
Then go to France !

V.

V.

O let me tread the ſafer way,
And ſpight of all theſe moderns ſay;
Believe a God.
And if I'm wrong, they can't upbraid
Me for my faith, when both are laid
Beneath the clod!

THREE QUALIFICATIONS

NEEDFUL *for a* PREACHER.

THE Herald who the goſpel ſpreads,
Theſe three prerequiſites much needs;
Not *now* indeed the gift of tongues,
But *ſtill* ſound Heart, ſound Head, ſound Lungs:
A Heart that's ſound in heav'nly love,
And ſound to precious ſouls does prove;
A Head in pureſt doctrine ſound,
Which not with ev'ry wind turns round;
And Lungs as ſound as any braſs,
To ſound it forth to all the race.

THE UNIVERSAL *CONQUEROR.*

I.

CEASE, ceaſe to tell of Cæſar's bloody fame;
Of Alexander and his murd'rous crew:
The mightier Hero I'm about to name,
Has humbled kings, and conqu'rors not a few.
E'en Cæſar's ſelf, and Alexander proud,
To his ſuperior ſceptre loathly bow'd.

II.

'Tis Death, great Death! the conqueror of all,
From Abel, to the laſt that e'er ſhall fall:
Who learned names, nor dignities reveres;
Nor pities feeble age, nor tender years:
The bold who fears not, nor the rich will know;
Nor thinks the meaneſt wretch too mean a foe.

III.

'Tis Death, who ſtill delights to deal his blows,
Where *leaſt* men think, where *moſt* his pow'r he [ſhows:
The ſturdy Champion at a ſtroke cuts down,
But lets the wretched Lazar linger on;
The Wiſe and Virtuous ſoon his arrows find,
While worthleſs Knaves are left to plague man- [kind.

IV.

The deareſt friends, and neareſt relatives,
From bleeding boſoms he remorſeleſs rives!
While thro' proud Palaces he grimly ſtalks,
(Marking with blood and ſlaughter his dread [walks)
Diſdainful flies from Cells of woe and pain;
And groaning Hoſpitals implore his aid in vain.

V.

Nor leſs ſarcaſtic is the wily foe;
In the ſtrange way by which he ſtrikes the blow.
The careful Drudge, who long had robb'd him- [ſelf,
(Juſt now retiring to enjoy his pelf)

An

An apoplectic fit of all bereaves,
And his hard savings to a Spendthrift leaves.

VI.

The sumptuous Epicure (who more than gain
Prefers his ease) is rack'd with gouty pains ·
And lo! the Votary of Pleasure groans,
While filthy venom rankles thro' his bones;
A quinsy starves the Glutton, and we see
The Starveling bloated with a tympany.

VII.

The dainty Fribble delicate and nice,
Is chok'd with his own stench, devour'd with [L--ce;
The Wit eat out with vapours, and the Gay
Without apparent cause oft pine away;
He, of his limbs th' Athletic does deprive,
Beauty deforms, and Honour rots alive.

VIII.

Thus doth the grisly Monarch urge his reign,
And his unbounded tyranny maintain:

From

From hoary heads, to the untimely birth,
He rules without a rival o'er the earth.
In vain do Cowards sue, do Heroes boast—
And bribes and flatteries on Death are lost.

IX.

But is Death then the foe of all mankind?
No, he's the only friend on earth they find.
Behold the Upright, mark the Perfect man,
Who fears his God, who doth whate'er he can,
To bless mankind; yet only doth depend
For mercy, pardon, bliss, on Christ his friend.

X.

(*He* on the cross disarm'd the haughty foe;
Now sends him friendly to his saints below,
To loose them from their sorrows, and their pains,
To cut asunder all their galling chains,
And introduce them to his heav'nly courts,
While thro' the dreary passage he supports.)

XI.

XI.

To ſuch, no ſudden death need e'er be fear'd,
Death can't be ſudden, they are ſtill prepar'd;
Nor yet ſevere, it does from dungeons raiſe
To heav'nly thrones, from griefs to endleſs joys:
Painful it may be, yet e'en this but tends
T' enhance their future Bliſs, which never ends.

THE *RARE SECRET.*

I.

TO be rich I intend:
But, nor money, nor friend
Can I call my own,
Nor one foot of land have I under the ſun.

II.

Ah! what's to be done?
Impatient I'm grown;
Rob I would not, nor ſteal;
But rich I muſt be, that I muſt, and I will.

III.

III.

Thus I ſtampt, and I ſtar'd——
A friend overheard;
He gave me a twitch—
" Peace, peace, I have found a receipt to be rich."

IV.

I gladly gave heed,
And beg'd he'd proceed;
For Riches I'd have—
He ſmil'd, and ſaid " Patience a moment I crave.

V.

" My ſecret is ſuch,
" Have you little or much,
" 'Twill yield you a ſtore;
" Or double twice over what you had before.

VI.

" The means are at hand,
" To be rich at command;
" And obtained with eaſe,
" By art or by labour, or what way you pleaſe.

VII.

VII.

" If labour's your choice,

" Or you love merchandiſe;

" I'll teach you a trade,

" Where *cent per cent* int'reſt is every day made.

VIII.

" Or if art you prefer,

(" Not fond of much care)

" I've a wonderful ſtone

" Will ſoon do your work, and by touching [alone.

IX.

" Then why ſhould you fret?

" By *it* nothing you get;

" When here is a ſtore,

" And he who obtains it can never be poor."

X.

I begg'd he'd explain,

Nor keep me in pain—

He gladly reply'd;

" The Means are within you, and no where [beſide.

" XI.

XI.

" Be *content*, and 'tis done,
" The world is your own ;
" Whate'er is of worth :
" The reſt what avails? you are rich, you are happy hence-forth.

The PRODIGAL MISER,

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Miſer has a double ſelf ;
The one loves eaſe, the other pelf:
Theſe are perpetually at ſtrife,
Nor ends the conteſt but with life.
Perhaps, *to-morrow* want he may,
Therefore he'd rather want *to-day* !
His *future* ſelf will ſcarce permit
His *preſent* ſelf to eat a bit :
And yet for momentary toys,
He'll ſquander everlaſting joys.

THE *VINEYARD.*

Go, work to day in my Vineyard. *

PROFESSORS of religion all,
The Muſe would your attention call;
Tho' ſimple is the truth ſhe ſings:
"To ſay and do are diff'rent things."
Mere compliments have little force;
We often deem them words of courſe:
Who uſe them much we ſcarcely truſt;
They raiſe ſuſpicion and diſguſt:
But when religion's made the plea,
'Tis dangerous hypocriſy.

* Mat. xxi. 28.

'A certain Man a Vineyard held,
Inclos'd from nature's barren field;
Delighting here his Sons to prove,
In duty, diligence and love.
Each in his several work proceeds;
Some dig the soil, some hoe the weeds,
Some the luxuriant branches lop,
Others the feebler branches prop;
Paul plants, Apollos wets the ground,
And all with heav'nly blessing's crown'd

The Christian Church this Vineyard call;
The Housholder, the Lord of all;
His Sons, Professors are at large;
To whom he gives this solemn charge:
" Go to my Vineyard ev'ry one,
" Much there is needful to be done;
" Go labour while 'tis call'd to-day,
" Your work admits of no delay:
" Let it be seen how much you prove
" My approbation and my love.:

" At

" At ev'ning I your work will view,
" And each ſhall have what's juſtly due."

" I go Sir," ſays the Phariſee:
And who more diligent then he,
In pruning off exub'rant ſhoots;
But wofully neglects the roots!
Priding himſelf in outward ſhews,
And mercenary are his views:
To his own glory all is done;
For he, pure goſpel love has none,
Nor ſeeks God's honour, but would fain
Men's praiſe and admiration gain.

" I go Sir," ſays Intemp'rate Zeal.
Yes, like a thief that goes to ſteal,
O'er hedge and ditch you blindly ruſh,
Madly thro' brakes and briars bruſh;
Your judgement for the ſtandard ſet,
And then your fellow ſervants beat;

Pretend God's glory, mean your own,
And others labours trample down.
Was but the Vineyard left to you,
What dreadful havoc muſt enſue!

" I go Sir," ſays Vain Confidence:
Yet ſtirs not he one foot from thence;
In ſpeculations waſtes his day,
And ſaunters all his hours away.
" Be diligent in work—not he—
" 'Tis legal—and (thank God) he's free—
" Enough for him that he believes,
" Salvation as a gift receives.
" The beſt of men have had their ſlips—
" And who the law at all times keeps?
" To grieve becauſe he can't obey
" Does ſurely a weak faith betray."

" I go Sir," ſays the Formaliſt:
And now no ſolemn rite is miſs'd;

At

At pray'rs, at preaching, ſacrament,
Firſt there, and there the moſt intent.
In cloſet rigidly devout,
Can ſin a *little* when he's out!
If unawares ſome neighbour, rude,
Should on his ſtated hours intrude;
From pray'rs he riſes, angry, vext,
And doubles his devotion next.
Does he prefer a form, or he
Should make a form *extempore*,
At church or meeting, 'tis all one:
(We've formaliſts in ev'ry town)
So diligent! you ſure muſt ſay,
This does his Father's will obey.

Poor man! you do not work, but ſlave,
And neither thanks, nor wages have;
For while on forms exact enough,
The fruitful branches you cut off:
You ſpoil the vines of all their grapes,
To pleaſe your eyes with antic ſhapes;

And

And juſt as well ſure he ſucceeds,
Who pulls the plants and leaves the weeds.
At ev'ry ordinance preciſe;
In tithing * ſcrupulouſly nice:
While works of juſtice, mercy, love,
You quite omit, or ſlightly prove.

The Houſeholder with ſorrow fill'd—
" Shall then my Vineyard lie untill'd?
" Muſt I forever thus be mock'd—
" With empty compliments be ſhock'd?
" No, I'll command my other Son;
" No doubt he preſently will run:
" Unnumber'd bleſſings has he found,
" And ſurely is in duty bound,
" To render me ſome ſervice due:
" Go, Son (my Vineyard waits for you)
" Your dutiful obedience ſhew."

But lo! the diſobedient Son
Thus anſwers, with a ſurly tone:
" I will

* Mat. xxiii 23. Luke xviii. 12.

" I will not go :——what, waſte my days
" In prayers and harſh auſterities !
" I'm free, and will not be controll'd ;
" Religion's fitteſt for the old ;
" But I am young, and blithe and gay,
" And muſt ſubmit to pleaſure's ſway.
" I'll gather roſes while they blow—
" The time may come——I will not go."

But who is proof 'gainſt ſov'reign Love ?
The moſt rebellious heart 'twill move :
It ſoftens adamant and ſteel,
Or what's as hard, man's ſtubborn will.
Almighty Love now tries it's pow'r,
Lo, in ſome kind propitious hour
It reach'd his heart, his folly ſhew'd,
And all his ſtubbornneſs ſubdu'd.
The Son is touch'd—He now repents
His raſh reſolves, his dire intents :

He

He ſues for pardon, and for grace,
Then to the Vineyard runs apace;
There works with gratitude and zeal,
And thus fulfils his Father's will.

A REFLECTION

On blowing a Fire, and obſerving the aſcent of the Sparks.

VILE duſt and aſhes as I am,
Fir'd by the Spirit's quick'ning blaſt,
I'll emulate the purer flame,
And t'wards ſuperior regions haſte:
With ſparkling zeal, and glowing love,
And ever-tow'ring praiſe I'll riſe;
From all my earthy dregs remove,
And mingle with my native ſkies.

EMPLOYMENT
FOR
ETERNITY.

I.

ETERNITY, o'erwhelming thought!
The farther ſtill the more 'tis ſought:
A Deep immenſe without a coaſt,
Where ages are by thouſands loſt.
How ſhall we fill that mighty void?
How ſhall thoſe ages be employ'd?

II.

Yet lo! in one immortal mind
We more than adequate may find,
That unconceived void to fill
With topics inexhauſtible:
Eternity too ſcanty ſeems
T' inveſtigate the boundleſs themes.

III.

To view by heav'n's unerring light
The works of Wiſdom infinite ;
Creation's wonders fully ſcan,
And all God's providential plan ;
Each of theſe ſubjects ſure would be
Too much for one Eternity.

IV.

Each pleaſing ſcience to explore,
Which we but ſlightly knew before ;
Thoſe hidden cauſes to ſearch out,
By which effects were brought about ;
All nature's beauties to admire,
Millions of years would ſure require.

V.

The various hiſt'ry of the world
Perhaps will fully be unfurl'd ;
The riſe of empires and their fall,
And God's all-wiſe deſigns in all :

To read the complicated page,
Would take an everlaſting age.

VI.

Should we the ſcenes reiterate
Of this probationary ſtate,
While our prompt memory revives
Each paſt occurrence of our lives;
The retroſpective view would yield
To us a moſt extenſive field.

VII.

The meaning of each grief to know,
And diſappointment while below;
Dangers eſcap'd, unknown before,
And bleſſings numberleſs count o'er—
Eternity will ſeem too ſhort,
To thank our God for ev'ry ſort.

VIII.

With all the virtuous and the wiſe,
Who've gain'd a manſion in the ſkies,

To be acquainted and converſe,
Our mutual happineſs rehearſe—
With every ſuch all-perfect friend,
An age of pleaſure we might ſpend.

IX.

But O, the myſteries of grace,
And myſteries of ſin to trace!
Why ſin permitted to commence,
With all its horrid conſequence,
And how from evil good is drawn—
Would fill Eternity alone.

X.

Thus no dull tædium ſhall we find,
Or painful vacancy of mind;
But pay the debt of praiſe we owe,
(Which will by payment ever grow)
And thus with wonder, love and joy,
A bleſt Eternity employ.

THE FOLLY OF *IMPATIENCE.*

I.

DEAR Friend let Providence direct
Your every ſtep, nor dare object,
Nor run before, but patient wait,
And it will open ev'ry gate
That bars your road, make crooked plain,
'Till you your utmoſt wiſh ſhall gain.

II.

Too-many eagerly would gripe
The promiſes before they're ripe;
Which of their own accord will drop,
When their appointed time is up,
By haſte they over-run their joys;
And wiſhing oft their wiſh deſtroys.

III.

III.

Have you not ſeen how ſilly thoſe,
Who preſs a poſie to their noſe,
To rifle its ſpontaneous ſweets?
But only diſappointment meets:
For the bruis'd flow'rs inſipid grown,
Yield a rank ſavour, not their own.

VI.

We blame the too-fond mother's joy,
Who overlays her fav'rite boy.
Or fool (who ſure deſerv'd to beg)
Whoſe gooſe once laid the golden egg:
But was a greater gooſe himſelf;
Ript up his fowl, and loſt his pelf.*

V.

Yet lo! men judge they're paſſing wiſe,
If they can graſp a preſent prize;
Nor mind, how on a future day
May dearly for their raſhneſs pay:

Paſſion

*See Æſop's Fables.

Paſſion *now* wants her good things giv'n,
But Patience waits for her's in *Heav'n*.*

VI.

But dropping now the riddling mood,
I'll with an anecdote conclude.
A Friend of mine (no matter who,
Perhaps my Friend you've done ſo too)
Did melons in his garden ſow,
But nature's proceſs thought to ſlow :

VII.

Then ev'ry day he ſtir'd the ground,
And the ſcarce ſhooting ſeeds he found,
'Till vegetation often check'd,
They rotted, and ne'er took effect :
Thus all his hopes Impatience croſs'd,
And all he gains is labour loſt.

* See Pilgrim's Progreſs.

MANNERS MAKE THE MAN!

AN EPIGRAM.

AH! what's a Title without merit?
'Tis a void carcaſe without ſpirit;
A rotten image gilded o'er;
A ſtar and garter on a ſore.
What tho' you are addreſs'd "My Lord,"
If your behaviour don't accord!
Or if "His Grace" ſhould be your title,
If grace you have not got *a little!*
Or ſhould your name conclude D. D.
Great Doctor of Divinity;
Unleſs in teaching you excel,
Men will be apt Dumb D—g* to ſpell.
But O thoſe dignities how bright!
Where honour, virtue, grace unite:
Good ſenſe and learning lay the plan,
And gentle manners make the man.

* Iſa. lxvi. x.

FAITH above REASON.

I.

BY Faith we wond'rous truths can ſee
Wrapt up in goſpel myſtery,
Which Reaſon can't diſcern :
Which haughty Wiſdom won't allow,
Forſooth, becauſe ſhe knows not how,
And is too proud to learn !

II.

Shall Wiſdom ever then admit ;
Or Reaſon prove 'twas right and fit,
That God ſhould leave his throne ?
Deſcend from heav'n's ſublime abodes
To make men little leſs than gods,
And for their ſins atone !

III.

III.

Shall blameleſs innocence be ſcourg'd,
That guilty rebels might be purg'd,
And with high honours crown'd?
No, ſays proud Reaſon, 'tis abſurd!
Was e'er ſuch arrant folly heard?
Was e'er example found?

IV.

But firſt then let us aſk her why
Thouſands of infants daily die,
Who ne'er a fault commit?
Feel ſorrow, ſickneſs, want and pain?
Yet that they do ſo what more plain?
Can Reaſon prove it fit?

V.

On ev'ry plant, and ev'ry tree
Unnumber'd myſt'ries lo we ſee,
Which Reaſon can't unfold:
Itſelf's a myſtery we find;
For how produced in the mind
Has never yet been told.

VI.

Yet Reaſon I would not degrade,
Nor from ſound Wiſdom would diſſuade;
But let them keep their place,
And in their proper orbits ſhine;
There Reaſon's ſelf is half divine,
And Wiſdom is a grace.

VII.

Let them, with ever-cautious oars,
Still paddle round time's winding ſhores;
To ſhallow ſenſe keep nigh:
But Faith explores the trackleſs deeps,
And with bold ſails the ocean ſweeps
Of vaſt eternity.

VIII.

In duſky ſhades let Reaſon prowl;
And Wiſdom, like her fav'rite owl,
Avoid the ſolar ray:
But Faith outbraves the bird of Jove;
The ſun's dim region ſoars above,
And baſks in purer day!

AN
ÆNIGMA.

AS lately I rov'd o'er the the hills, thro' the [plain,
Admiring the products of Wisdom divine ;
Above me, around me, yea under my feet
Nought else but strange wonders methought could [I meet :
Yet one of all others most drew my attention ;
Pray hear me describe him, then try your in- [vention.
Convolv'd in a lab'rinth the caitiff I found,
And strictly immured with round within round ;
For innocence yet there are few who exceed him,
And fewer enjoy such an absolute freedom :
A vagrant unbounded, yet (wond'rous to tell)
So strict a recluse that he ne'er quits his cell ;
Intruding all over the country does roam,
And yet 'tis most true that he's never from home.

The

The proudeſt of walls, tho' the clouds veil their tops,
He eaſily ſcales without ladder or ropes;
Mounts up to almoſt inacceſſible heights,
Tho' furniſh'd but ill for ſuch deſperate flights;
Which ſure you muſt grant when I tell you moreover,
That feet, hands or wings I could never diſcover.

I ſaw him moſt cautiouſly mark out his track,
But by the ſame road he ſcarce ever comes back:
And ſtrange! tho' his pace is remarkably ſlow,
He ſeldom moves ſtraight, but goes round with the bow.

So ſimple, ſo complex, ſo common, yet rare;
True emblem of myſt'ry he is you'd declare:
What name would beſt ſuit him I could not agree,
A pilgrim, a hermit, a pris'ner or free;
If fiſh, fleſh or fowl, or whether all three:
Yet all I have ſaid you will find ſtrictly true;
To fix it exactly I now leave to you.

Anſwer.

Anſwer.

This wonderful creature, when ſtripp'd of its vail,
No other appears than a poor harmleſs Snail.

Improvement.

But lo in this creature methinks I can ſee,
My ſoul, a moſt ſtriking reſemblance of thee:
Shut up in a priſon of fleſh, and confin'd
To drag the dull load, nor can leave it behind:
How mean is my ſtation, how ſlow is my pace;
What ſnail-creeps, what halts do I make in my [race:
But ſtill I'd keep forwards, nor leave the right [track,
Whatever ſad burdens I bear on my back:
Yea ever ambitious, I'd climb t'wards the ſkies,
Tho' ſtrength I find none for this great enterprize;
So low my condition, my nature ſo frail:
Yet I've one advantage above the poor Snail;
Whatever I want is ſupply'd by another,
I can pray to my Saviour, my friend and my [brother:
He is feet to the lame, he is eyes to the blind,
And he can give wings that will outſtrip the wind.

A CHAIN OF CONSEQUENCES.

ASTONISHMENT upon me seize!
What, what am I! or whence came these!
What wonders ev'ry where surround!
What beauties exquisite abound!
Where'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Fresh objects strike me with surprise—
What seems there yon? A globe of fire
Enlight'ning all, which seems t' inspire
With life, those beings multiform,
That all around by myriads swarm:
From the huge monsters of the deep,
To puny multitudes that creep

On ev'ry plant ; and num'rous fry
Minute, that vaniſh from the eye.*
And ſee! a leſſer globe of light,
Whene'er his abſence brings the night,
And he withdraws his dazzling beams—
Thouſands of others too there ſeems
Scatter'd thro' all the boundleſs ſky
In careleſs, beauteous majeſty.

What then am I, or wherefore caſt
Amidſt this world of wonders vaſt ?
Whence roſe this complicate machine,†
Where wonders greater ſtill are ſeen ?
With various ſenſe and pow'rs endu'd ;
I ſee! I hear! I taſte my food!
I move from place to place at will !
Can either pain or pleaſure feel,

As

* Millions of different kinds of animalcules, or living creatures, are diſcoverable by the microſcope in a ſingle drop of water.

† The human body.

As outward objects ſtrike the ſenſe!
Yet lo I am mere impotence;
Exiſting here becauſe I muſt,
A breathing particle of duſt;
A clod of animated clay,
That of myſelf can only ſay,
Once was I born, and once muſt die:
Ah who, or where, or what am I!

But lo I think! thoſe thoughts expreſs!
Self-conſcious being I poſſeſs;
'Midſt thouſands who poſſeſs the ſame:
Yet not from us this curious frame,
Or thinking principle e'er came:
This would involve abſurdity;
At once to be, and not to be!
To make, before ourſelves were made!
E'er we could will, to be obey'd!
'Tis not in man a mite to form,
Or animate a dying worm,

Create an atom, wing a fly,
Or fetch a dew-drop from the ſky.

Yet than my ſpeci s none appear
More capable, more noble here.
Whatever lives in earth or ſea,
Below mankind muſt ſurely be:
Since tam'd by his ſuperior ſkill,
And made ſubſervient to his will.
The ſun, moſt glorious of the reſt,
(Yea, has been for a god conſeſt)
Tho' all things own his quick'ning beams;
Devoid of will, or pow'r he ſeems:
Inanimate, inconſcious quite,
A mere receptacle of light.
Yet all the ſtars that croud the ſky,
Can't altogether with him vie
In luſtre or in uſefulneſs;
Or ſo much majeſty expreſs:

So

So that whate'er is ſeen, 'tis clear,
Could not be form'd by that which doth appear.

Some great Firſt Cauſe muſt then have been,
Superior far to all I've ſeen :
Some wiſe Intelligence I gueſs,
For all his works declare no leſs.
On all things, which to me appear,
He has impreſſ'd his character.
Millions of different parts I ſee
Arrang'd in beauteous ſymmetry ;
All ſuited to their various ends,
And each the other's good intends ;
Agreeing in one perfect whole,
As actuated by one ſoul.
That he's all-pow'rful needs no proof;
That I exiſt is proof enough :
In me what wonders are combin'd ;
What nice dependencies are join'd :

Amidſt

Amidſt a thouſand death's upheld,
And with ten thouſand bleſſings fill'd.
Nor I alone, to all that lives
He life, and breath and being gives;
To all his daily kindneſs ſhows;
On each his proper bliſs beſtows:
So that I cannot but conclude,
Some Being pow'rful, wiſe and good:
My own exiſtence muſt deny,
E'er I can doubt a Deity.

'Tis from this God I all derive,
To him my all I ought to give;
Worthy of ev'ry pow'r I have,
Since ev'ry pow'r to me he gave;
And ev'ry bleſſing I enjoy
I ſure ſhould in His praiſe employ.
A Being amiable, yet juſt,
(For if all-perfect ſo he muſt)

If

If juſt, then he muſt puniſh wrong,
Unleſs th' offender is more ſtrong;
But he who made me ſure muſt have
A pow'r to puniſh or to ſave;
And he who form'd the heart muſt know
Whether the heart be right or no.

Then am I as I ought to be?
What this juſt God muſt claim of me?
Or have I render'd all I owe?
My conſcious ſpirit anſwers, No.
My dubious thoughts oft me accuſe,
That his indulgence I abuſe;
To his juſt ſervice prove untrue,
And do what I ought not to do.
A ſtrange propenſity to ill,
Spite of myſelf, alas; I feel!
And when I would do good, I find
A law oppoſing in my mind;

From

From hence I juſtly may conclude
I am not what he made me—Good:
Some hapleſs change muſt have befell,
But how, or when, I cannot tell.*

Yet I would fain forgiveneſs hope,
From his large mercy's boundleſs ſcope:
To him what pleaſure can it be
To triumph in my miſery?
But then a doubt ſhoots thro' my heart,
(I feel it like a poiſon'd dart)
What ground have I to think he will—
Is he not juſt and holy ſtill?
For if one ſinner he can free,
And paſs by with impunity,
Then why not all the human race,
And for his juſtice leave no place?

This

* The perſon is here repreſented as reaſoning from what he feels, without being as yet acquainted with the ſcriptural account of the fall of man.

This would not ſure conſiſtent ſeem;
How of his honour ſhould I deem?
And did no puniſhment belong
To ſin, then where is right or wrong?

But mayn't repentance, if ſincere,
Me from all paſt offences clear?
And if henceforth I do my beſt,
Will not my God excuſe the reſt?
'Tis all to me remains at laſt;
I can't recover what is paſt.
What then does God by ſorrow get?
Did ever tears waſh out a debt?
Or if a debtor ſtrictly pay,
His obligations from this day;
Will that blot out his former ſcore?
Is he a debtor now no more?
But ah! was all to day made plain,
'Twould be to-morrow wrong again;

For

For pow'r to what is right I've not:
Alas, how dreadful is my lot!
I have no refuge or relief,
I muſt ſurrender up to grief!
The total ſum, the final coſt,
If God be juſt, I muſt be loſt.

Amongſt the creatures, ſure there's none
That can for human crimes atone.
Should all the animals be ſlain,
That graze o'er earth's extended plain;
E'en with their blood its ſurface ſoak,
And on ten thouſand altars ſmoke;
What ſatisfaction could that be
To heav'n, what ſuitable to me?
Should nobler beings from on high
Mortal become and for me die:
Could they juſt puniſhment endure,
Or pardon for my ſoul procure?

No, my offence is infinite,
Beyond the reach of creatures quite;
And were they able, ah what hope
That God would take the matter up!

Oh where can I direct my thought?
Where can a fubſtitute be ſought?
What books, what records do pretend
To point me out ſo kind a friend?
Some books indeed do much profeſs,
And moral virtues warmly preſs:
And oft I hear of holy men,
Who, by their conduct and their pen,
Do excellent examples ſhow,
And point the way I ought to go:
But what avails all this to me,
Who find an inability
Their precepts to perform, and ſtill
Fall ſhort of my Creator's will?

Throughout creation's ample round,
Can no kind advocate be found,
My desp'rate case to undertake,
And suffer vengeance for my sake?
Some mediator, who can join
A nature human with divine,
To treat with God and treat with man,
Upon an equitable plan;
Sufficient to content the one,
And for the other to atone;
Not forc'd, or of his right depriv'd,
Self-competent and underiv'd;
One who possesses right divine,
To substitute his state for mine?
(And my just creditor agree,
What he performs, to charge to me)
Quite willing, and as able too,
To undertake and to go thro'
The arduous project, and fulfil
Completely all my Maker's will?

Yes

Yes, one I find has ſhed his blood,
Who ſtiles himſelf the Son of God;
The glories of the ſkies forſook,
My nature and my mis'ries took;
Submitted to be born and die,
To reſcue ſinners ſuch as I;
And who, to prove his miſſion true,
Did miracles and wonders ſhew:
Not frivolous, abſurd, obſcure;
But uſeful in their aim, and pure:
(The poor were taught, the hungry fed,
Heal'd were the ſick and rais'd the dead!)
Whoſe blameleſs life and doctrine pure,
No vile impoſtor could endure:
Yet he appeal'd to Heav'n's award,
And publicly to all declar'd,
That dying he would riſe again:
And that he *did ſo* is moſt plain;
For numbers ſaw and prov'd the fact,
Nor would their evidence retract;

Unmov'd

Unmov'd 'midſt taunts and tortures ſtood,
And ſeal'd their witneſs with their blood.

That this their teſtimony's true,
Their writings ſtill remain to ſhew:
Writings full worthy of my truſt,
Benign to man, to God moſt juſt:
Where pureſt ſentiments abound,
Connivance at no vice is found;
A faithful narrative of facts,
Agreed in all material acts;
Which ſubtlety could ne'er confute,
Nor malice from the earth could root;
Tho' back'd by Pow'rs who rul'd ſupreme,
And urg'd by cruelties extreme!

'Twas no concerted plan 'tis clear;
Thoſe variations which appear,
In things of ſmall importance ſhew
The writers had no fraud in view.

Beſides

Beſides from knaves, what likelihood
To make men holy, juſt and good?
A code of perfect laws to frame,
Which their own conduct ſhould condemn;
Cenſure each action, word, deſire,
And doom them to eternal fire?
Their preſent int'reſt, future fame,
Give up for poverty and ſhame?
Nor could the writers of this book
(Tho' crafty methods they forſook)
Fools or enthuſiaſts ſurely be:
Conſummate wiſdom lo we ſee
Throughout this matchleſs volume ſhine,
In ev'ry page, and ev'ry line!

It is the word of Him whoſe voice
Bid all theſe wonders round me riſe;
Who pour'd thoſe mighty orbs on high
In vaſt profuſion o'er the ſky;

With

With various life fills earth and seas,
And governs all things as he pleaſe:
For here a majeſty I ſee,
With all his other works t' agree;
It is creation's counterpart;
Above the niceties of art:
Here no fantaſtic forms appear,
Or artful ſtrains entice the ear;
But holy precepts we deſcry,
And truths which conſcience can't deny;
Support in all life's ills we have,
And glorious views beyond the grave.

Tho' heav'n and earth depart, this word
A ſure foundation does afford;
Firm as God's throne it muſt endure,
And here I fix my hopes ſecure.

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A SYNOPSIS,

Or concise view of the preceding arguments.

THE most astonishing wonders are to be seen all around us.

Our own frame is the greatest wonder of all.

Man could not be the author of his own existence, or of the things about him.

No other being that we can perceive, is more likely to be the author of our existence than man.

There must therefore be some invisible Agent who made us; and this Being is proved by his works to be powerful, wise and good.

To this Being, who is doubtless just, as well as powerful, wise and good; we ought to render all dutiful obedience.

Conscience tells us we have come short of the obedience due to our Creator; and experience proves we cannot serve him as we should.

Hope of forgiveness is vain, without a suitable satisfaction made to God's justice.

Repentance and amendment can make no restitution for past offences.

No suitable or sufficient satisfaction, or atonement, can be expected from any of the creatures in our behalf.

No books * or perſons point out a ſurety qualified to undertake for mankind.

Deſcription of qualifications neceſſary to conſtitute ſuch a ſurety.

Jeſus Chriſt, as ſet forth to us in the new teſtament, is juſt ſuch a ſurety or mediator as we need.

The truth and excellency of the ſcriptures.

The ſcriptures could not be the work of deſigning men is prov'd even from their ſuppoſed imperfections; nor of fools or enthuſiaſts, as may be gathered by the excellency of their contents.

Concluſion:---The Holy Bible muſt therefore be from God: and if ſo, muſt be worthy of our full truſt and dependance.

* The books of the Holy Scriptures are here of courſe to be excepted.

RETALIATION.

THE brutes will evil give for evil;
Evil for good is from the devil;
'Tis human good with good to join;
But good for evil is divine.

ADVICE to PARENTS, &c.

I.

PARENTS, and all who have in charge
To form the rising race;
Your obligations O how large!
Important is your place.

II.

The honour of your Maker's name,
The welfare of mankind,
And your child's happiness and fame,
Are all to you consign'd.

III.

O then invoke the aid of Heav'n,
Superior wisdom ask;
That love and prudence may be giv'n
To undertake the task.

IV.

And would you much relieve your toil ?
Then meet their tempers right :
False tenderneſs too oft will ſpoil ;
Severity affright.

V.

Nor yet neglect reſtraint too long,
'Till nature ſhall run rude :
Habits of vice may grow ſo ſtrong,
As ſcarce to be ſubdu'd.

VI.

The garden of the youthful mind
Muſt not be left alone :
Some work therein you'll daily find
Is needful to be done.

VII.

The uſeful plant and pleaſant flow'r
Are rais'd with care and toil :
But noxious weeds too oft o'er-pow'r ;
Congenial with the ſoil.

VIII.

VIII.

While green the twig, and pliant ſtill,
Then bend it to its place;
While warm the wax impreſs the ſeal,
Which time will not efface.

IX.

And firſt, unto the great Supreme
Direct their high regard:
With ſolemn awe to ſpeak of him;
His Name, his Works, his Word.

X.

And ever let them rev'rence yield
To his appointed day;
Not ſaunt'ring o'er the ſtreets or field,
In idleneſs or play.

XI.

But to the temples of his grace
Your young immortals lead;
And what they hear, at home impreſs;
The ſacred volume read.

XII.

Next, to the pow'rs which God ordains,
Enjoin ſubmiſſion due;
Obedience to ſuperiors gains
Authority to you;

XIII.

And with their equals to avoid
All bickerings and ſtrife:
Peace and good-nature oft betide
A long and happy life.

XIV.

From horrid cruelty, O turn
Betimes the tender mind!
Who torture inſects, ſoon may learn
To butcher human kind!

XV.

But ev'ry kind and gentle deed
Should your applauſes meet:
Sure thoſe who kindneſs often need,
Should others kindly treat.

XVI.

XVI.

To make diſtreſs their merriment
Deſerves ſevereſt blame:
The wanton crime God may reſent,
And make your child the ſame!

XVII.

Immodeſt ſpeeches, ſongs obſcene,
All ribaldry and traſh;
With what is vulgar, low or mean,
You with a frown muſt quaſh.

XVIII.

But with the ſayings of the wiſe,
And maxims of the good,
Still fill their minds; and e'en more prize
Than you would wholeſome food.

XIX.

Diſhoneſt practices, and mean,
Diſcountenance always:
Nor let a knaviſh trick be ſeen,
E'en in their childiſh plays.

XX.

To hate a lie, to love the truth,
Inculcate all you can:
Theſe make an amiable youth,
And a reſpected man.

XXI.

However rich, yet youth always
To induſtry inure:
What may befal in future days,
No mortal can be ſure.

XXII.

Let them not idly paſs a day;
Some uſeful ſtudy find,
Or innocent and healthful play,
To recreate the mind.

XXIII.

But with what play-fellows you truſt
Your darling, O beware!
Example like corroding ruſt
Will tarniſh all your care.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Who would be wiſe, muſt with the wiſe
Aſſociate day by day :
Oft, deeds that manhood ſignalize
Are learn'd in youthful play.

XXV.

Thus, taught to act their part aright
On life's important ſtage ;
May they prove *now* your heart's delight,
And comfort of your age.

THE
FALSE ALARM.

'TIS danger ſhews men's genuine worth,
And calls their latent virtues forth,
Diſcovers what is falſe from true,
And proves thoſe virtues are but few.
True fortitude from danger ſprings,
Where dunghill-bullies droop their wings.

Here all forc'd compliments muſt yield,
And native ſelf's no more conceal'd.
In danger few with fawning lies,
Flatter the fool their hearts deſpiſe;
Or the precedence yield to him
They far beneath themſelves eſteem.
'Tis this of friendſhip is the teſt,
Proves what is real, what's profeſs'd.
Who is *your* friend by this you can try,
And who's a friend to purſe and pantry.

A party of ſelected friends
(Such as of late that name intends)
Together by appointment met,
And having ſhar'd a handſome treat,
The ev'ning ſpend in ſocial chat
Of courage, friendſhip, and all that.
One boaſts how many dangers he
Had nobly brav'd by land and ſea;

Undaunted

Undaunted ſtood, when others fled,—
His heart had ne'er been touch'd with dread.
Another dwells on friendſhip's worth,
And in its praiſes launches forth :
That 'tis in danger chiefly ſhown,
Or elſe true friendſhip it is none :
Rather than he'd deſert his friend,
Upon the ſpot his life ſhould end.
Patience is alſo much extoll'd,
Amongſt the virtues is enroll'd ;
Of fortitude the younger ſiſter ;
All on their ſide vow to inliſt her :
With her, heroic deeds perform,
And weather out the blackeſt ſtorm.

The converſation now grew warm,
The friendly glaſs had baniſh'd form ;
All harmony and joy appears—
When lo a cry aſſaults their ears ;

A cry of fire, none knows by whom—
" Where! where!" reverb'rates round the room:
" 'Tis in the houſe, the flames are ſpread,
" 'Tis all around, 'tis o'er their head—
" The roof is falling and muſt cruſh——"
All take th' alarm, at once they ruſh;
Tables and chairs o'erturned lie,
Pipes, glaſſes, cups in pieces fly.
Now all's confuſion—old and young,
And high and low promiſcuous throng.
They thruſt, are thruſted, backs are rode on,
And clothes are torn, and toes are trode on,
The complaiſant their betters juſtle,
None think of manners in the buſtle.

Then 'twards the doors at once they thruſt;
But each endeav'ring to be firſt,
They every avenue block up,
And of eſcape preclude all hope.

Thus

Thus ev'ry means of safety fled,
They stare, they all turn pale with dread;
The tim'rous shriek, the boldest fear,
And for the first time drop a pray'r.
Some on the floor in swoonings fall,
Unheeded, trampl'd on by all:
Some silent sit and rend their hairs,
Some rave aloud and curse their stars:
Patience, and fortitude's forgot,
And friendship proves a thing of nought.

At length, one wiser than the rest
Crav'd silence, and them thus addrest:
(Calm'd was the wild commotion rude,
And ev'ry ear attentive stood)
" Dear Friends, why all this needless haste?
" Perhaps 'tis but a joke at last:
" Permit me but to sally out,
" And o'er the building search about—"

'Tis

'Tis done, and lo there's found no harm,
'Tis prov'd to be a falſe alarm.
Order's reſtor'd, new joy appears,
And each one wonders at his fears.
Again in talk his courage wields,
And paſt diſtreſs diverſion yields.

Thus will it be (might we but dare
Great things with trifles to compare)
When men are drowned in cares and pleaſures,
Or heaping up uncertain treaſures:
The cry is made, the midnight cry,
No falſe alarm, the Judge is nigh:
Behold he comes in ſolemn pomp!
Hear, hear th' archangel's mighty trump!
It rends the tombs, the dead ſtart up;
Some ſhrink with dread, ſome glow with hope!
The thunders roll, the lightnings fly,
Earth flames aloft and melts the ſky;

Trifles

Trifles no longer can amuſe ;
Heav'n's call can men no more refuſe :
In vain 'tis now for help to cry ;
In vain are all attempts to fly :
No more our ſafety friends endeavour,
The deareſt friends muſt part for ever.

Behold the Chriſtian ! nobly grand,
'Midſt the wild uproar ſee him ſtand ;
Compos'd and happy he ſuſtains
Nature's laſt ſhock, nor e'er complains :
All ſin remov'd, the Judge his friend,
His joys begin, his ſorrows end.
What tho' earth's flames around him riſe,
He has a manſion in the ſkies ;
And when all things are burnt up here,
His houſe remains forever there.

ANCIENT and MODERN PROFESSORS of CHRISTIANITY, CONTRASTED.

I.

AS perſecution is withdrawn,
Profeſſion will increaſe;
But then, the commoner 'tis grown
It's value is the leſs.

II.

Religious counterfeits now paſs;
What numbers do them hold!
But what compare has modern braſs
With primitive true gold!

III.

The ancient Heroes of the Croſs
Waded thro' ſeas of blood;
Of ev'ry comfort ſuffer'd loſs,
And fought their way to God.* VI.

* The primitive chriſtians are here intended, who fought againſt ſin and ſelf; not thoſe, who contrary to the principles of chriſtianity, fought to propagate it by by the ſword.

IV.

Now many boaſt the chriſtian name
Who lounge in ſelfiſh eaſe;
Who by it gain both wealth and fame,
And ſeek the world to pleaſe.

V.

Once chriſtians lov'd as brethren dear,
And held one common cauſe;
One was their faith, and one their fear,
Govern'd by Chriſt's pure laws.

VI.

But now a thouſand int'reſts ſway,
A thouſand creeds prevail;
All poſitive in their own way,
And at all others rail.

VII.

With ancient Saints dare you to boaſt?
Forbear a thought ſo vain:
They all things by religion *loſt*,
You by it all things *gain*.

VIII.

They brought not to the altar that
Which had not coſt them ought ;
You by the ſacrifice grow fat,
Nor will ſerve God for nought.

IX.

That you are foll'wers of the Lamb,
What token can you ſhew ?
You ſuffer nothing for his name,
And little will you do.

X.

Such counterfeits, ſuch worthleſs ſtuff !
With ſpecious forms gilt o'er,
May with thoſe men do well enough,
Who have themſelves no more.

XI.

But when th' unerring Judge comes forth
All ſecrets to unfold ;
He will regard intrinſic worth,
Not reckon braſs for gold.

THE

THE
IMPERTINENT FLY.

" BLESS me!" exclaims a knowing Fly,
" In what ſtrange awkward place am I?
" What a confuſed jumble ſeems
" Of wood and ſtone, of poſts and beams!
" Such horrid bungling do I ſee,
" Two parts do ſcarcely here agree!
" Beſides the chiſel's ſtrokes how rough!
" To bury me each ſeems enough!
" A maſs enormous ſtrains my ſight,
" But deſtitute of beauty quite."

Thus Addiſon* (who from ſmall things
Often ſome good inſtruction brings)
Suppos'd a coxcomb Fly to perch
Upon ſome column of Paul's church:

* See Guardian No. 70.

The puny critic durſt arraign
The great Sir Chriſtopher's* deſign;
While ſcarce his narrow view commands
The moulding upon which he ſtands.

But let a ſkilful Architect
That noble edifice inſpect;
A thouſand beauties he would ſpy
Rang'd in the niceſt ſymmetry;
The juſt dependance of each part,
Conſtructed by the rules of art.
The loſty dome would catch his eye,
And there the hanging gallery;
The maſſy pillars, chequer'd floor,
And the vaſt building's juſt contour;
"*This* part," he'd ſay, "does *that* control,
"And every part ſets out the whole."

Nothing

* Sir Chriſtopher Wren was the architect of St. Paul's cathedral, London.

Nothing from its due place could ſpare,
Or think it better plac'd elſewhere.

Shall then God's works of providence,
View'd with the narrow eye of ſenſe,
Be cenſur'd by ſuch flies as we,
Who can't beyond this moment ſee?
Or ſhall we from one broken line
Judge of creation's grand deſign?
Much leſs ſhould reaſon dare to ſcan
The glories of redemption's plan;
Or with its dim ſhort-ſighted eye,
To comprehend its myſtery;
Or e'er condemn that book divine,
Where God is ſeen in every line.

Look on the ſcriptures and the ſtars,
What ſtrict analogy appears!
The ſame bold hand in both we trace;
What majeſty, what careleſs grace!

Had

Had man the ſtiff projector been,
Strange formal work ſhould we have ſeen!
The Bible he would methodiſe,
With artful figures deck the ſkies!
But now a native dignity,
Above the rules of art we ſee;
In both ſuch marks of glory ſhine,
As prove their author was divine.

And lo! perhaps ſome point may be
Conceiv'd in vaſt eternity,
To which we may at length arrive;
And then the ſoul, inquiſitive,
Shall with a retroſpective eye
God's all-wiſe purpoſes deſcry;
Take in at one collective view,
His works of grace and nature too,
Survey his providential plan,
And learn the myſtery of man.

Now all the edifice compleat,
We ſhall perceive each part was meet;
And to the Builder's ſkill ſhall raiſe
An endleſs revenue of praiſe.

THE

IMPORTANT QUERY *

PERPETUAL changes agitate this world:
Myriads of creatures in ſucceſſion riſe;
Soon gain their ſummit and to duſt return:
But man (their Lord) e'er at his prime muſt periſh!
He giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

The learned Soph who with a thought would graſp
Six day's creation of a God; when he
(By threeſcore years hard ſtudy day and night)
Seems juſt about to comprehend an atom:
He giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

The

* Job xiv. 10.

The enterprising Hero who (disdaining
To have an equal) ravages the globe ;
Nor rests his boundless fury, till he claims
The world his own, and all mankind his slaves :
He giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

The greedy Muckworm buried in his stores
Of hoarded wealth, yet with solicitude
Still grasping on ; nor e'er with pleasure eats ;
That he may aggrandize a squand'ring heir :
He giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

The crafty Knave, who hugs himself, if he
Can over-reach some unsuspecting dupe :
Prosp'ring in fraud, yet for an honest man
Maintains his reputation to the last :
He giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

The thoughtless Trifler, who consumes the day
In idleness, or wastes his golden moments
In modes fantastic, or amusements gay ;
Dancing on blindfold to death's precipice :
He giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?

The

The lawleſs Libertine, who is reſolv'd
To gratify his ſenſes, and indulge
His ev'ry wiſh, in ſpite of health or heav'n:
Soon does he laviſh life's important hour,
And giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

The rigid Devotee, who drags his years
In forc'd auſterities and toilſome pray'rs,
Spurning the comforts that his Maker ſends,
And living in contempt of all mankind:
He giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

The man of Piety, whoſe daily care
Is to improve his intercourſe with heav'n:
Who ſtrives to anſwer ev'ry end of life,
Yet ſeeks ſupreme felicity in death;
Hoping for pardon through his Saviour's blood:
He giveth up the ghoſt, and where is he?

THE

*UNIVERSAL ASTROLOGER.**

Or a nativity caſt for every child of Adam, occaſioned by the ſight of a young perſon's nativity.

COME, come my curious Friends who fain [would pry
Into the ſecrets of futurity;
Let me but know from Adam was your birth,
In any time or place 'twixt heav'n and earth:
I aſk no Fee, yet I'll engage to ſhow
(Whoe'er you are) whatever you will know
Of bad or good, of pleaſure or of woe.

Firſt, by the ſcheme of your nativity,
That you were born in ſin I plainly ſee;
And if in it you live, in it you die;
'Twill prove your ruin, or the ſtars do lie.
What

* Aſtrologers muſt excuſe me if I do not expreſs myſelf ſcientifically; as I never ſtudied aſtrology, nor have much opinion of it.

What planet at your birth did reign Almuten,*
Is hard to judge, nor is it worth diſputing:
Since luſt, ambition, hate, pride, ignorance,
Each in its turn will claim pre-eminence;
Each will its baleful influence impart,
And with contraſting vices rend your heart:
'Till the bright Sun of righteouſneſs diſpenſe,
His ſov'reign rays, and drive the tyrants thence.

The heav'nly houſes,† all conſpire to ſhow,
That thence alone true Life[1], true Riches[2] flow,
That your beſt Friends[11], Relations[4] all conſiſt,
Brothers[3] and Sons[5], by Marriage[7] unto Chriſt;
That you in him will find ſuch Health[6], ſuch joy,
As Death[8] and your worſt Foes[12] can ne'er deſtroy;

* The term by which Aſtrologers expreſs, what they call the Lord of a figure, or the ſtrongeſt planet in a nativity.

† The heavenly houſes are ſuppoſed by Aſtrologers to be twelve; which they count in the order in which the figures are placed.

That hence true [9]Piety doth take its birth,
And all good [10]Offices perform'd on earth.

Saturn, now near his elongation,* ſhews
That time is haſt'ning, and you've none to loſe;
That whatſoe'er you find beneath the ſun
To do, muſt quick without delay be done.

The fickle Moon, juſt changing, may remind
That you beneath her orb no ſtay will find:
For ever varying as her phaſes be,
You will find ev'ry thing ſublunary.

Attend, and learn the doctrine of the ſtars,
Jupiter in conjunction with fierce Mars;
Shews juſtice with omnipotence in league,
Your guilty ſoul eternally to plague;
Did not your peaceful Mercury interpoſe,
(Jeſus, the meſſenger whom Wiſdom choſe)
T' appeaſe ſtern juſtice, and ſuſtain your woes.

Mild

* At his greateſt diſtance from the ſun.

Mild Venus, now ſole lady of the aſcendant,
In medio cœli governs independent:
So gen'rous love ſhould influence your ſoul,
And ev'ry pow'r and paſſion there control:
Love, that is drawn from light and truth alone;
For Venus is in conjunct with the Sun.

The Dragon's head beware, and Dragon's tail;
Whene'er hell's pow'r and policy prevail,
Theſe make (whate'er the ſtars predict of ill)
Malignant aſpects more malignant ſtill.
But think not mortal pow'r can quell *his* ſway,
A third part of the ſtars who ſwept away:*
To him who once did bruiſe the Dragon's head,
O fly, he on his pow'r will in you tread.
Truſt but in him, look well to your affairs,
And you ſhall proſper ſpite of all the ſtars;
Here ſhall be happy, and at laſt ſhall riſe
(When planets ſink) and reign above the ſkies.

ON

* Rev. xii. 3, 4.

ON

A CLOCK.

WHAT inſtruction might we find,
Had we but th' attentive mind!
Every object that we view
Brings us always ſomething new.
Vain amuſements you may go,
Buſtling crouds, and gaudy ſhow;
We don't need your opiate pow'rs
To beguile the tedious hours:
Nature's grander ſcenes preſent
Pleaſures chaſte and permanent;
E'en the niceties of art
To th' inquiſitive impart
Something ſtill, the thoughts to raiſe
In the great Creator's praiſe.

View

View a Clock, that nice machine,
What ſurpriſing art is ſeen!
See how wheels on wheels depend,
All conducive to one end;
Like ſome animating ſoul,
Weights or Springs impel the whole;
And the Pend'lums equal ſwing
Does to all proportion bring.
When the ſtate is right within,
This is by the Index ſeen:
While the Bell does to the ear,
Punctually the ſame declare.
No part may be deem'd profuſe,
Each has ſome important uſe:
And the Caſe ſecures it all
From what injuries might befal.

In this curious piece, we ſure
See ourſelves in miniature;
And th' analogy to trace,
Say the Body is the Caſe;

But

But within this curious frame
Is inclos'd a nobler name,
Where a thouſand ſecret ſprings
Actuate to various things;
Here important purpoſes
Are intended, and no leſs
Nice dependencies we find,
Like to wheels and pinions join'd,
In this wond'rous Clock, the Mind!

Firſt, the Paſſions are the Spring;
Theſe excite to ev'ry thing,
Give the ſoul a heav'nly guſt,
Or degrade it to the duſt:
Theſe to motion drive the Will,
And impel our Actions ſtill;
Their proportion Knowledge ſtates,
And ſound Judgment regulates:
Then whate'er thro' life befals,
The prompt Memory recals,

With

With a retroſpective art,
Anſw'ring the repeating part.

All the members too without,
Th' internal purpoſes point out :
The Eye, the Index of the Heart,
Does its ſecret ſtate impart ;
By it all the man is ſeen,
And what paſſions work within ;
Whilſt the Tongue, officious Bell,
Audibly the ſame doth tell ;
So the Limbs obedient ſtill,
Take the impulſe of the Will,
Quick perform what you intend ;
Think—'tis at your finger's end.
When theſe all in one agree,
Then 'tis as it ought to be ;
Ev'ry action doth excel,
And you ſay the Clock goes well ;

But if Heart and Tongue diffent,
Who can tell what hour is meant?

Epiphonema.

Now, my Friend, would you by day
Rightly paſs your hours away;
If at night in quiet ſleep,
This Machine in order keep.
Oft by prayer wind it up;
Oil its wheels by faith and hope;
Set by grace to truth above,
Be its only impulſe love;
Ev'ry motion zeal may raiſe,
Let ſound knowledge equalize;
All your actions prove it true,
And your tongue no diff'rence ſhew:
Then by watchful care, O then,
Ever ſtrive to keep it clean.

THE

RATS aboard SHIP.

A FABLE.

WERE all contented in their ſtation,
Were all in due ſubordination,
Did thoſe who govern o'er the reſt
Exert their pow'r to make them bleſt—
Hail happy world! how few debates
In churches, families, or ſtates!
Lawyers might dine on barley-cruſt,
And ſwords into their ſcabbards ruſt.
But anarchy deſtroys a land;
The cone inverted cannot ſtand:
The ſmall muſt periſh with the great,
Involv'd in undiſtinguiſh'd fate.

If fame ſay true, in former days
From Norway came a tawny race
Of plunderers, a lawleſs gang
Of petty thieves, too vile to hang;
Whom every honeſt ruſtic hates,
And honeſt dog—I mean the Rats;
Who peſter us by land and ſea,
Neither our barns nor ſhips are free;
They over-run this fruitful iſle,
And what they can't devour they ſpoil.

Now liſten to my ſimple fable,
And gueſs the moral if you're able.

On board ſome ſhip 'tis repreſented
Theſe petty rogues grew diſcontented;
For why? by man they were oppreſs'd,
And wiſh'd to have their wrongs redreſs'd:
This haughty tyrant oft deprives
Them of their liberties and lives;

Therefore

Therefore they needs muſt call a meeting,
And there debate of what was fitting.

The meeting's call'd, and in the chair
Behold a Rat all-debonair
Preſides, to curb the fierce debate,
And rules of juſt decorum ſtate.
Now all burn with indignant fire;
They rage, they pour invectives dire:
Much argument is thrown away,
To prove that men are worſe than they;
And that they can no right poſſeſs
Their fellow creatures to oppreſs;
Or rule with iron rod the earth,
Whence men and rats both took their birth.

At length a Rat of wond'rous learning,
With whiſkers long for quick diſcerning,
Gnaſhes his all-deſtructive fangs;
And thus the populace harangues.

" Brave

" Brave comrades of Norwegian line,
" Shall we in holes impriſon'd pine,
" Under the tyranny of man,
" Wo ſeeks to cruſh us all he can ?
" No, let us boldly riſe *en maſs*
" To reſcue our oppreſſed race ;
" Shall this vile tyrant triumph thus,
" To Rats and all the earth a curſe ?
" Shall he, proud offspring of the duſt,
" Abuſe all creatures on his luſt ?
" No, never ſhall he Rats enſlave :
" Or liberty or death we'll have.

" Why ſhould men lord it o'er earth's ball ?
" Sure nature made us equal all.
" What have they more than Rats to ſhew,
" Have we not four legs, they but two ?
" Beſides, adorn'd with tails by fate,
" Which men are fond to imitate :

" Thro'

" Thro' ſtates this ornament prevails,
" Who rank their dignity by tails :
" We too will claim our dignity,
" We were made free, and *will* be free :
" Why ſhould Rats ſculk from place to place,
" Afraid by day to ſhew their face ?
" While men on all the creatures riot,
" Scarce can we eat their ſcraps in quiet.

" See in this Ship what monſtrous waſte,
" Which we poor ſcoundrels dare not taſte !
" Firſt, here's the captain has his ſtore,
" Enough to keep of Rats a ſcore ;
" Next he who ſits to guide the ſhip ;
" The purſer too his purſe muſt keep ;
" And then a wicked, murd'rous crew
" Of ſoldiers, ſailors, gunners too ;
" With paſſengers a lazy horde,
" Who ſcarce do ought but ſmoke on board !

" Theſe

" Theſe all devour from us poor Rats :
" Beſide full half a dozen cats,
" Maintain'd on purpoſe to annoy us—
" And cruel gins and traps deſtroy us.
" Woe to theſe men, theſe tyrants baſe
" Would fain extirpate all our race !

" But now I've thought of an expedient—
" Come on my lads, be but obedient ;
" To balk theſe tyrants let's agree,
" And laurels pluck from freedom's tree :
" This ſhip is ancient, and grown feeble,
" The captain's coffer let us nibble ;
" We'll ſoon ſmell out his ſecret ſtore,
" And all his roguery explore ;
" Feaſt on his biſcuits, hams and cheeſe,
" And rove and riot as we pleaſe.

" 'Tis here ! my noſe perceives the ſcent,
" Here, here his delicates are pent !

" Could

" Could we but gnaw this plank aſunder
" Brave boys, how we ſhould roll in plunder!"

Then to 't they went with all their might,
And work'd and work'd both day and night:
On holidays and double tides,
Thro' the ſhip's bottom and her ſides,
With claws, and teeth, and tuſkers keen—
The plank gives way, the waves ruſh in,
Thro' ev'ry chink the waters gully—
Ah 'tis too late to curſe their folly!
In vain they ſqueak, in vain they ſquall,
Down went the ſhip and Rats and all.

To a Friend to be ſtuck up in his Counting-Houſe.

TO labour ſpare no pains;
Be ſparing in your gains:
So ſhall you ever ſpeed
Your houſehold well to feed,
And have to give to thoſe who need.

PRAISE,

AN ODE.

PRAISE inſpire me while I ſing
Thine own unrivall'd praiſe!
All thine energy now bring,
With which thou mak'ſt heav'n's courts to ring:
Help me to raiſe
Thy glories in immortal lays.
O aid my vent'rous ſong,
Clothe my ideas with expreſſions ſtrong,
Expreſſions, ſuch as raptur'd Seraphs uſe;
Such as beſeem
My lofty theme;
Then ſhall my callow muſe,
Warm'd by thy genial beam
Her half-fledg'd pinions ſtretch,
And aim at that which Seraphs can but reach.

'Tis

'Tis done! I feel the riſing flame,
I feel a tranſport which I cannot name;
Now, now the Muſe,
With holy fury fir'd,
From earth breaks looſe,
Flies o'er the bounds
Of mortal ſounds,
And ſcours the plains
Of ſweet ſeraphic ſtrains.
By her vaſt theme inſpir'd,
Thro' ſtars and ſuns her courſe purſues,
And as ſhe riſes ſtill her ſtrength renews,
'Till ſhe arrives
Where Praiſe ſtill lives
In native majeſty divine;
And there with Love and Joy doth reign
Auſpicious trine
That to the bleſt above their happy influence [gives.

Praiſe, mighty Praiſe, all things were form'd for thee,
Whether in heav'n, or earth, or in the ſea;
And thou alone
For him who form'd them all,
Or great or ſmall,
The infinite THREE-ONE!
Tho' he his happineſs diffuſeth wide,
Praiſe he will ſhare with none;
'Tis his prerogative alone;
'Tis his ſole incommunicable right,
For once the firſt-born ſons of light,
Stung by ſelf-confounding pride,
To rob God of his Praiſe aſſay'd,
And dropp'd to regions of eternal night.
Praiſe is cöeval with God's throne,
Firſt-fruit of all his works divine,
And ultimate deſign;
Attendant on him when he made the worlds,
And ſhall when he his vaſt deſign unfurls.

Praiſe

Praiſe mixes with all nature's frame,
And thro' God's works like ſubtle flame,
It does itſelf diffuſe.
Praiſe does all heav'n with raptures fire;
Praiſe does the humbleſt heart inſpire;
Yet moſt does chooſe,
A David's harp, not Pindar's lyre.
Where Pindar's daring muſe
Her fav'rite poet fails,
And droops her jaded wings,
Got paſt the atmoſphere of mortal things,
There Praiſe prevails,
And I begin my loftier flight:
I riſe, I riſe,
And ſpurn retreating ſkies;
As far above bold Pindar's ſight,
As he above all vulgar eyes.
Thro' trackleſs oceans of ethereal light
I wing my way,
And from the ſummit of the lofty ſky

Look

Look down, and ſcarce eſpy
The groveling poet all in diſarray.

Bold Pindar ſtruck the pole;
But thou my ſoul
Shalt pierce the azure ſhell,
And enter where *true* Praiſe doth dwell,
'Till ever-circling ages ceaſe to roll.
I do not court an empty fame, not I,
A mortal immortality,
Which when all nature dies, muſt die.
Vain glorious boaſt,
Of ſuch who could no higher fly;
But ſhall be loſt
When nature's in convulſions toſs'd:
(For that muſt with eternal darkneſs blend,
Which does no more than human praiſe intend.)
But lo! the Praiſe I ſeek,
Derides frail nature's wreck;
It does from God's unſhaken Throne deſcend,
And fears no end. But

But what is Praiſe?
It is the teemings of a genial ſoul,
Where ardent flames of pure affection roll;
Wet with with the dews of grace,
And warm'd with heav'nly rays,
Sending its grateful odours to the ſkies;
Which undiminiſh'd ſhall for ever riſe.
It is a quicken'd ſpirit's reſpiration;
'Tis joy's free circulation;
The breath of love,
Inhal'd by ſaints above,
Pure and untainted by the fogs of ſenſe;
E'en angels thence,
Draw all their vigour, and their excellence;
And from the healthful ſongs they raiſe,
Protract their beings to eternal days;
Elſe they would languiſh,
And periſh in extremeſt anguiſh.
You'd ſmother angels, could you ſtop their praiſe.

When

When thoſe glories once are mine,
Rob'd with radiancy divine,
E'en on Seraphs ſhall I flame;
They on me,
Interchangeably;
Feel that holy, mutual glow,
Which bleſt Saints and Seraphs know;
The ſame our work, our joy the ſame.
When the body too arrives,
Outlets of new praiſe it gives;
Obſtructed now by ſenſe no more,
Praiſe ſhall breathe thro' ev'ry pore:
My heart ſhall beat to th' heav'nly mood,
And Praiſe dance round the ever-circling flood;
My voice inceſſant ſongs ſhall raiſe,
And ev'ry nerve ſhall vibrate Praiſe;
Praiſe ſhall be my ev'ry good,
My life, my ſtrength, my joy, my health, my food.

But

But O bold muſe forbear,
Preſumptuous, wherefore didſt thou dare
Attempt a theme ſo vaſt!
'Tis not for thee at infinite to fly,
Or ſpread thy pinions o'er immenſity;
Ceaſe then at laſt,
Some meaner ſubject try;
For 'tis appointed all muſt die
True Praiſe to taſte—
But I from Death ſhall riſe!
My moulder'd frame God ſhall re-organize,
And fit it for the buſineſs of the ſkies:
Then with unfault'ring tongue,
With heav'nly language ſtrong,
And pow'rs immortal I'll renew the ſong:
And to the Author of thoſe pow'rs I'll raiſe
Immortal Praiſe.

ON

PROVIDENCE:

To a perſon finding fault with its diſpenſations.

FRIEND, did you ever chance to peep
Into a caſe where poets keep,
Their memorandums—ſcraps of verſes,
Thoughts ſerious, mix'd with ſundry farces?
" Tis a ſtrange jumble," ſure you'd cry,
" Nor head nor tail can I eſpy!
" Like Ovid's world of chaos rude,
" Or Nile's uncouth miſhapen brood.*
" See broken lines, detached portions,
" Crude eſſences and half-form'd notions;
" Thoughts undigeſted into ſenſe,
" Some wit, and much impertinence,
" Sprung from the poet's heated brain,
" As from the mud the world again!"

And

* eodem in corpore ſæpe
Altera pars vivit; rudis eſt pars altera tellus. OVID.

And ſure the like remarks you'd drop,
Where you in ſome mechanic's ſhop,
Where clocks and watches made or mended,
Are o'er his bench confus'dly blended.
A ſtrange aſſemblage lo there ſeems
Of axes, pinions, wheels and whims ;
You'd ſpy a ſtrong reſemblance p'rhaps
In theſe and in the poet's ſcraps :
Both fraught with wonderful invention,
Alike beyond your comprehenſion.
" This piece," you'd ſay, " does not keep time ;
" No weight's in *this*, and *that* won't chime ;
" Here the chain's broke, this goes not well ;
" This does not ſtrike, it has no bell."
For the mirandum of both arts
Is to compoſe the ſtriking parts.

Now could you from this tranſient view
Gueſs what theſe artiſts mean to do ?

Yet to attempt to cenſure thoſe
Would but your ignorance expoſe.
But when the poem is complete,
And ev'ry line is on its feet;
Or when the watch is made to go,
And with exactneſs time will ſhow;
You wonder at the curious frame,
And dare not ſay: "From chance it came."

Then why ſhould you attempt to ſcan
By broken lines heav'n's perfect plan?
Or from a part detach'd, conclude
Irregular the whole if view'd.
Perhaps ſome wheel of Providence,
Which you can't reconcile to ſenſe,
May with ſome other wheel unite
Of vaſt importance, out of ſight.

Poor Ignoramus! how ſhould you
The complicated ſcheme look thro'?

Or

Or graſp its infinite extenſion
Within your ſhallow comprehenſion?
Then bow to Wiſdom infinite,
And own what *that* doth muſt be right:
Who guides the whole with wond'rous art,
Beſt knows the uſe of ev'ry part:
And when the whole is once complete,
You'll own that ev'ry part was meet.

THE

SPEAKING SHADOW.

To a young Lady who was too fond of her looking-glaſs.

WHILE at her toilet Celia ſat,
Adjuſting all her pins in ſtate,
And this was right and that was wrong,
This hair too ſhort and that too long;
Two hours had run e'er all was brought
(And ſcarcely then) to ſuit her thought:

Like

Like fond Narciſſus at the brook,
Full many a ſelf-enamour'd look
On her reflected charms ſhe caſt,
And wellnigh worſhipp'd them at laſt.

When lo, a prodigy appears,
Or ſeem'd ſo to her guilty fears;
The very image on the glaſs
Seem'd to upbraid her to the face:
She ſtarted and ſhe bluſh'd for ſhame,
The anſw'ring image did the ſame:
Her eyes with terror roll'd around,
The image roll'd its eyes and frown'd:
At length ſhe cry'd "Good God what's this?"
The image ſeem'd to ſay "Vain Miſs,"
And to her ſelf-convicted thought,
This gentle reprehenſion brought.

"Vain Miſs, with all your gay attire,
"'Tis but a Shade you thus admire;

Not

" Not more do I reſemble you
" In form than in continuance too:
" Thoſe lovely features you adore,
" Turn but your back, exiſt no more:
" 'Tis an illuſion of your ſight,
" And when you go they're vaniſh'd quite.
" Vain then thoſe beauties you can ſee,
" No longer than you look on me;
" How fooliſh too your very care,
" Which does thoſe beauties but impair;
" While anxious you your time miſpend,
" You mar your perſon but not mend.

" See juſt behind your toilet's chair,
" Inſidious lurk old-age and care;
" (Time's daughters, ugly, jealous, croſs)
" Soon to avenge their father's loſs;
" With fell diſeaſes in their train,
" Replete with ſorrows and with pain.

Care

" Care ſoon will on thoſe features prey,
" That fair complexion fade away ;
" Diſeaſes too, with viſage pale
" And haggard looks, may ſoon aſſail ;
" May paralize the active limb,
" And make thoſe ſprightly eye-balls dim ;
" While on the ſmooth, the placid brow,
" Old-age his furrows deep will plow ;
" And laſtly death, the loveliеſt forms
" Will cruſh in his unpitying arms.

" O then whenever me you view,
" Henceforth, think Miſs, how vain are you !
" Who pleas'd with ſhadows, caſt behind
" The nobler beauties of the mind.
" Leave, leave your toilet and retire.
" Let nobler views your thoughts inſpire ;
" And half this time vouchſafe to ſpend
" Within your cloſet, there to mend

Your

" Your better part, 'twill make you ſhine
" With graces elegant, divine ;
" Amidſt the brighteſt angels bright,
" And lovely in your Maker's ſight.
" Theſe no diſeaſes can impair,
" Theſe are but more improv'd by care,
" Theſe time ſhall perfect, death tranſlate
" Into a fairer, happier ſtate."

A THOUGHT

ON THE

Death of the Rev. G. WHITEFIELD.

WHITEFIELD, alas, is caught away ;
The great Elijah of his day !
With flaming zeal he trac'd the land,
Nor fear'd the perſecuting band,
To vindicate his Maker's name,
And Jeſu's precious love proclaim.

Nor

Nor could our iſle the Champion keep;
He braves the dangers of the deep,
And thro' America he flies
To ſpread the goſpel's myſteries,
And there erect new charities.*

But ah! how ſoon his work is done;
How ſoon he riſes to his throne!
My fancy track him thro' the ſkies;
And whilſt I gaze with eager eyes,
Eliſha like might I be bleſt,
And Whitefield's ſpirit on me reſt!
Spring up ſome kind, ſome heav'nly breeze,
And waft his mantle o'er the ſeas;
Like him I'd ſmite the waters too,
And force a ready paſſage thro',
While I my Maſter's work purſue.

AN ELEGY

* Alluding to the Orphan-houſe which he erected at Georgia, and which was afterwards converted to a Colledge.

AN ELEGY,

To the Memory of my dear Friend THE Rev. JAMES ROUQUET.

Curate of Saint Werburgh's, Lecturer of Saint Nicholas' Churches and Chaplain of St. Peter's Hospital, Bristol. And also Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Delvaine.

He died Nov. 16th, 1776.—Ætatis suæ 47°.

I.

BRISTOL, thou seat of busy cares,
Tumultuous city full of stirs;
What sudden stroke, what sad mischance,
Has damp'd thy great affairs?
Is trade declin'd, do ships no more
Croud in from foreign climes as heretofore;
Threatning thy merchants with disgrace,
With famishment thy poor?
Lo, what a solemn silence reigns in ev'ry place,
Save what from shrieks and sighs, perchance,
Mingles a mournful dissonance—

Some fell diſaſter ſure
Muſt have befall'n to ſpread theſe horrors round;
Thus thy confuſion to confound,
And ſtamp ſuch ſigns of woe on ev'ry face.

II.

But hark! that ſolemn bell,
Mingling its melancholy moan;
With ſullen tone
And heavy accents ſeems to tell,
That reſtleſs death has once again
Made his ſad depredations on the ſons of men!
Ah, ah, my thoughts forebode
Some holy man is caught to God;
Some uſeful citizen to heav'n is gone!
Tis ſo, tis ſo, Oh hear the gen'ral cry!
Widows and orphans, priſoners and poor,
How they lament thro' ev'ry ſtreet,
And ſob and ſigh,
And rend their hair, and their ſad boſoms beat;
While all the doleful tale repeat;

He's

" He's dead, he's dead, my only friend's no more,
" 'Twas he * * * * * * * *
Oh my heart bleeds, Rouquet, Rouquet is dead!
For ah, who was a friend to all but kind Rouquet?

III.

Ah kind Rouquet, a name all muſt revere!
Rouquet, what name to me ſo dear!
He's dead!—Hear how the doleful tidings fly,
Affecting ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye:
Rouſe, rouſe then Muſe,
And join ſome friendly part,
Help me to pour th' effuſions of my heart;
Nor to the gen'ral grief thy mite refuſe.
Shall venal poets try
The vileſt deeds to ſanctify,
With panegyrics to lift baſeneſs high?
Such arts are needleſs here,
When all unite with heart ſincere
Deſerving worth to raiſe;
E'en envy's ſelf muſt mutter praiſe,

And

And enmity her voice reluctant lend,
When all commend :
He was a gen'ral and a gen'rous friend.

IV.

But ah, dear Duſt, what fun'ral pomps were thine!
Such as proud kings in vain
Might wiſh, and covet death but to obtain!
Honours almoſt divine!
I paſs the baubles by
Of plumes, and paint, and pageantry—
I paſs the popular cries,
And the unmeaning eulogies
Promiſcuous heap'd on heroes brave,
And the vile mercenary knave ;
Ambition theſe may buy, and ſycophants may ſell:
Thy honours all were virtue's due,
Conſtrain'd from feeling hearts, not forc'dly giv'n :
Honours unſought, ſincere and true,
Such as are paid in heav'n !
Gold cannot bribe them, nor can pow'r compel.

Triumphing

Triumphing victors, 'midſt their gaudy ſhows,
With flatt'ries ſooth'd, or ſtunn'd with mad ap-
[plauſe;
Onvanquiſh'd kings impoſing laws;
True glory if they knew,
Could they diſtinguiſh falſe from true,
Would give their palm-branch for thy branch of
[yew.

V.

Solemn and ſlow ſee now they move along
Thro' the ſad ſtreets with living mourning hung;
Waſh'd with the orphan's tears,
With widows hair beſtrew'd,
In ev'ry face behold what grief appears,
E'en nature's ſelf a mournful aſpect wears!
The moaning winds ſigh out aloud,
The clouds with gloomy ſadneſs low'r,
And weep a ſympathetic ſhow'r:
See ev'ry window, ev'ry avenue
Does tokens of unfeigned ſorrow ſhew:
Illumin'd with ten thouſand eyes
Brilliant in tears, intent to catch a view,
A laſt ſad view of him they did ſo prize. E'en

E'en thrifty traders, with half-envious eye
Look out, forget their gain, and almoſt wiſh to die!

VI.

The fun'ral rites are ſcarce begun
When lo a gen'ral groan*
(But mix'd with ſobs and ſhrieks and ſighs)
Burſts forth at once from the huge multitude,
And the ſad ſervice drown;
The Miniſter aſtoniſh'd ſtood
To ſee the tears guſh out from thouſand eyes:
E'en foes (could goodneſs find a foe?)
Reluctant felt them ſtealing down,
Unconſcious whence their woe;
But ah 'tis genuine worth,
Such genuine ſorrow muſt draw forth:
Such worth Rouquet as thine,
Where piety and friendſhip join;

No

* The Muſe has by no means exaggerated this circumſtance. Mr. Rouquet was buried at St. Peter's Church, Briſtol; which was ſo crouded on the occaſion, that it was with much difficulty the Corps was got in: but as ſoon as it entered the church the whole congregation burſt forth into ſuch lamentations, that the Miniſter's voice could not be heard.

And meek humility and gen'rous love,
That lift the ſoul above
All narrow motives, and all party gall:
For every party who ſincerely call
Jeſus Jehovah* he could love, and was belov'd by [all.

VII.

Oft, oft did Newgate's gloomy cells
Witneſs his ardent care,
To warn unhappy culprits there!
Or elſe to ſooth their hopeleſs grief,
He of the dying Saviour tells;
How ſtrong to ſave, how ready to forgive
The vileſt that in him believe;
And to enforce their ſlow belief,
Tells how he ſav'd the dying thief;
Pluck'd from the jaws of horrible deſpair!
O yes his gracious mind,
To ev'ry act of goodneſs was inclin'd;

* 1 Cor. xii. 3.

The needy bleſs'd him as he paſs'd,
The rich to do him honour haſte;
For why? a friend to all Rouquet we find,
Obliging to the rich and to the needy kind.

VIII.

But now, Oh ſee th' inſatiable tomb
Wide yawning for its prey!
Earth's ever teeming womb;
Whence ſprung, to which returns the mould'ring clay.
See Death his perquiſite demands!
And let the fragments left behind,
Be here in humble hope reſign'd
Into his hands:
Yet ah! e'en this we grudge the foe;
And ſhould, did we not confidently know
That Death is conquer'd, and is bound
The dear depoſit to refund,
Without deduction or delay,
Purg'd and refin'd,

A fit

A fit companion for th' enobled mind,
At the great reſtitution day.

IX.

Muſe now mount up, and ſee far other things
Where the immortal mind is gone :
See zealous Paul and loving John,
And holy prophets, holy kings
Throng round the new-arriv'd, intent to know
How goes their Maſter's cauſe below ;
What ſouls are nearly ripe for glory too.
Exulting Seraphs clap their wings
Glad to have gain'd at laſt the day,
To've gain'd another mind from ſordid clay :
Long had they ſtrove to have him there
Their purer joys to ſhare.
But ah, fond ſpirits why ſhould you
Envy poor earth thoſe virtuous few,
That ſaves her from the flames ?
One of a thouſand ſcarce we boaſt ;
Not one unworthy member ſhames
Your countleſs hoſt.

X.

In vain does earth with heav'n contend :
Rouquet has join'd the ſkies !
His ready ſoul has gain'd the end
He long propos'd below :
No longer compaſs'd with infirmities
That we poor mortals know.
See how he mingles with th' adoring throng,
How readily he chants the angelic ſong !
To him 'tis no new thing :
Oft did he trace the heav'nly road,
Mounted on meditation's wing,
Paſs'd thro' their glitt'ring ranks to find his God.
But lo our friend, no more
A tranſient viſiter as heretofore,
Has fix'd with angels his ſublime abode ;
To ſhare their unmix'd joys, and ſing
To his Redeemer and their King,
Salvation, vict'ry, triumph, glory, praiſe
Thro' waſteleſs ages and eternal days !

XI.

XI.

Mortals recall your grief;
Ye priſoners, ye poor,
Widows and orphans weep no more:
A heart ſo gen'rous and ſo kind,
If you again on earth can find,
There ſeek relief:
Ye clouds diſperſe your glooms,
And let the chearful ſkies appear;
Ceaſe winds to ſigh,
And ceaſe ye relatives the hopleſs tear:
To ſeek the living 'mongſt the dead, O why
Will you ſtill haunt the tombs?
Rouquet is gone above the ſky!
Let all who lov'd him here,
In his unbounded gain rejoice,
And hear his ſweet inviting voice:
"Come all my friends to meet me here prepare."

XII.

But e'er you meet him there, would you
Have his lov'd image often in your view,

Your

Your riſing grief to drown?
Then boldly riſe
And fetch him from the ſkies,
In holy emulation bring him down:
His nobleſt portrait draw,
His better likeneſs trace,
Wherein reſemblance of his Lord ye ſaw.
Draw him in holy aſpiration tall,
Comely in gait, and in his face
Mingle with juſt proportion ev'ry grace;
Soft ſmiling love with ardent zeal,
And all thoſe purer paſſions angels feel,
Humble withal.
Draw then the law of kindneſs on his lips,
Let heav'nly rapture ſparkle in his eye,
And for his dreſs
O caſt around that nobleſt drapery,
Which its unſullied luſtre ever keeps,
The Saviour's righteouſneſs:
Here gaze, admire, and in your lives expreſs;
So ſhall you juſt repriſals make, On

On heav'n ſhall ample ſatisfaction take,
When daily you ſhall bear
His mental lineaments upon your heart,
And thus with ſaints and angels ſhare
His better part.

XIII.

Lord is the day of doom ſo near,
That thus thou hurrieſt thine away,
Nor truſts them longer here!
But what alas ſhould tempt our ſtay
In this baſe world, where ſin or ſhame,
To join the wicked or provoke their blame,
Is the ſevere alternative
On which we live!
O, fit us to be gone,
Jeſus, the work is thine alone;
Form our affections heav'nly, like our friend,
Like all the bright attendants of thy throne,
Like to thine own:
Thus bid our ſorrows end,
Bid all thy ready ſaints the ſkies aſcend;
Then burn the globe and quench the ſun,
And let the day of judgment haſten on.

ACROSTICS.

FALL OF MAN.

Firſt of our race accompliſh'd Adam ſtood,
Adorn'd by heav'n with ev'ry gift and good:
Light in his head to know his Maker's will;
Love in his heart, that knowledge to fulfil.
Obedience back'd with life, revolt he could;
Free in his choice th' unbias'd balance ſtood,
Man thus equip'd and warn'd (no hoſtile ſtroke)
Allur'd by Satan burſt his gentle yoke,
Now to his race becomes a killing ſtock.

REDEMPTION.

Rous'd by God's voice all things from nothing [came,
Exiſtence caught, put on this beauteous frame:
Daily preſerv'd, creation is renew'd;
Each moment ſhews him pow'rful, wiſe and good.
Much more is here, a price was aſk'd, was paid;
Pains were endur'd, a perfect law obey'd:
To form a world needs only—"Let it be;"
Infinite toil a captive world muſt free!
O great redemption, nobleſt of the three!*
Neither perhaps had e'er been but for thee.

* Creation, providence and redemption.

MORALITY.

Much boaſted of, more ſeldom underſtood;
Often enjoin'd, leſs practis'd as it ſhould;
Right rightly uſed, quite dang'rous when miſplac'd,
And fatal too if held our hope at laſt.
Love is its ſum; to God, for God to man;
Its ſprings from faith and general is its plan.
'Till this you have, yet ceaſe herein to reſt;
You may be moral, but ſhall ne'er be bleſt.

SALVATION.

Search thro' the records of illuſtrious fame,
Admire ſome Hero (anxious for a name)
Lay by a crown, atchieve ſome deſp'rate deed,
Vend even life, and for ſome fav'rite bleed:
Alas how frivolous! compar'd to this,
'Twill ſink to folly, and our wonder ceaſe.
Injurious man the foe, yet fav'rite, ſtood;
Offended goodneſs wrong'd, yet bore the rod;
Nor leſs the price, his blood, the blood of God!*

* Acts. xx. 28.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

Death ruthleſs Tyrant levels great and ſmall,
Ends all diſputes, confounds diſtinctions all :
A grave their goal, a ſhroud their uniform,
The beaſt their equal, and their beſt the worm.
Here brighteſt titles tarniſh, roy'lties ruſt ;
And prince and peaſant mingle equal duſt ;
Nought hence diſtinguiſh'd but unjuſt or juſt.
Death huddles them promiſcuous to the tombs,
Judgment divides them and appoints their dooms.
Unalterably fix'd their ſtates in joy or grief,
Death, endleſs death, or life, eternal life.
Go then ye careleſs, or with cares perplex'd,
" Memento mori,*" 'tis an heathen's text ;
Ever rememb'ring too that judgment's next.
Now learn to live, what is't but daily die ?
Then death is life, and judgment will be joy.

GLORIFICATION.

Grace laid the baſis, Grace the ſtructure rears,
Lays on the top-ſtone and the trophy wears.

Over

* Remember to die.

Over to Glory now Grace yields the throne :
Redemption finiſh'd, the laſt vict'ry won,
It meets the conqu'rors and the crown puts on.

Firſt of all days in the Eternal Breaſt
In natures' ſcale the laſt ; this day will beſt
Cloſe the whole ſcene, and reign for ever bleſt.

Already lo methinks, by faith I ſpy
Thouſands arriv'd, & thouſands drawing nigh,
Increaſe the triumph, and fill up the joy.

O when ſhall I amidſt them take my place !
Nought do thro' Glory's endleſs reign but ſhout [free grace.

EPIGRAMS.

To a perſon ridiculing the miracle of Balaam's Aſs.

Some Fools, to ſhew exceſs of wit,
Dare ſpout their jeſts at Holy Writ ;
As well might boys in ſtupid fun
Attempt to ſpit againſt the ſun ;
But the foul inſult aim'd too high,
Back in the idiots' faces fly.

Grave

Grave Sir, you ſay 'tis all a joke,
You wont believe an Aſs e'er ſpoke!
But could not he who gave man ſpeech,
Cauſe a dumb animal to preach?
What miracle ſo proper too,
When men abuſe that gift like you;
And ſhew a more than Balaam's rage
To vilify the Sacred Page?
But ah, while Scripture you diſgrace,
Men will miſtake *you* for an Aſs!
Thus what you doubt you'll prove more plain,
For lo, a dull Aſs ſpeaks again!

To a Perſon offended by a ſuppos'd injury.

Then why good Sir, ſo ſoon offended?
'Tis not what's done, but what's intended:
This every petty Barber ſhows;
He ſafely takes you by the noſe,
And for's addreſs meets your reward:
Wo to the man who ſhould have dar'd
On other views a deed ſo bold;
Tho' dreſs'd in ſteel and ſtrapp'd with gold!

FINIS.

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